

THE

239.9 6*

FUGITIVE MISCELLANY.

BEING A

COLLECTION of such

FUGITIVE PIECES,

In PROSE and VERSE, as are not in any other
Collection.

With many PIECES never before published.

PART THE SECOND.

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Advertisement.

THE NEW FOUNDLING HOSPITAL FOR WIT being finished, and the idea of a *Collection of those Fugitive Pieces of Merit* which occasionally appear in print, or are handed about in manuscript, being approved by the public; the FUGITIVE MISCELLANY is humbly offered as a *Continuation of the Plan*; but under a different title, that it may not seem compulsatory on the purchasers of the former work to proceed. It is intended to publish a volume of this work anually, *in the month of March, or thereabouts*, and to print it in the same size as the *New Foundling Hospital for Wit*, in order that such Gentlemen as chuse to have both, may bind them uniformly, whenever they please.

The assistance of the Ingenious is humbly requested. They may be assured their favours will be very gratefully received.

T H E
FUGITIVE MISCELLANY.

A N
OAK GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY,

B E I N G . A
FULL, TRUE, AND COMPLEAT ACCOUNT OF
THE FETE CHAMPETRE, JUNE 9, 1775.

TH E noble family at whose expence the above feast was prepared, being desirous to indulge the curious in general with a sight of some part of the rural festival, as well as the select party who had cards of invitation, gave orders that the gate upon the Down only should be opened, and that the company in their fancy dresses should pass along the front lawn, by which means the curiosity of thousands would be indulged.

The company began to make their appearance about half past six o'clock, and continued pouring in till past nine; as soon as any carriage had sat down a party, and they had got within the gate which led upon the lawn, they were saluted by French horns placed in a retreat so obscure as not to be observed by the company. The front lawn soon became crowded with fancy dresses, and the ladies by their pas-

toral appearance and simplicity made beauty appear with additional charms, and by their elegant fancy habits meant certainly to outvie each other in taste and magnificence.

About eight o'clock a signal was given for the company to attend the masque on the back lawn; accordingly general Burgoyne, who was the principal manager and conductor, and for whose skill and abilities on the occasion the greatest compliments are due, came forward, and conducted the nobility and others the visitors through the house to the voluptuous scene on the back lawn. No sooner did the rural picture present itself, but amazement seized the whole company; the first thing that caught their attention was the concourse of people on each side the road, and the branches of trees bending with the weight of heads that appeared as thick as codlings on a tree in a plentiful season. At the upper end of the back lawn was a most superb and beautiful orangerie, or plantation of orange trees, intermixed with a great variety of valuable green house plants behind the orangerie lay concealed a capital band of music, under the sole direction of Mr. Barthelemon the composer of the masque. On the right from the company, swains appeared in fancy dresses, amusing themselves at the game of ninepins, whilst shepherdesses, neatly attired, were at the swing. On the left side were other swains with their bows and arrows, shooting at a bird which had perched itself on a may-pole; whilst others were shewing their agility by dancing and kicking at a tambour de basque which hung, decorated with ribbands, from a bough

of a tree.—In short, every rural pastime was exhibited.

In the centre of the orangerie sat Mrs. Barthelmon and Mr. Vernon, making wreaths of flowers, and continued in that employment till after the company had taken their seats upon benches, placed in a circular form on the green. As soon as the ladies and gentlemen were thus arranged, two Cupids went round with a basket of the most rich flowers, and presented each lady with an elegant bouquet; the gentlemen had likewise a similar present.—When the Cupids had distributed the flowers, nimble shepherdesses supplied their baskets with fresh assortments.—Thus, whilst the attention of the company was taken up with admiring the agility and pretty manner of these little attendants accommodating the nobility and others with their nosegays, they were on a sudden surprised with the harmonious sound from the instrumental band, which being conveyed to the company through the Orange plantation and shrubbery, created a most happy and pleasing effect; and which was still the more heightened by the company not being able to distinguish from what quarter it came.

This symphony, whose sweetness of sound had given every face a smile of approbation, being ended, Mr. Vernon got up, and with a light and rustic air, called the nymphs and swains to celebrate the festivity of the day, informing them that Stanley, as lord of the Oaks, had given the invitation, and on that account he commanded their appearance to join the festive song and dance. After this air followed a

grand chorus, which was composed in so remarkable a stile, and carried with it so much jollity, that the company could scarce be prevailed upon to keep their seats. Next followed a dance by Sylvans; then a song by Mrs. Barthelemon; afterwards a different dance by the whole assembly of Figurantes, was executed in a masterly stile, and was succeeded by a most elegant and pleasing duet by Mrs. Barthelemon and Mr. Vernon, which concluded with a dance. The next air consisted of four verses, sung by Mr. Vernon; at the end of each line was a chorus. The dance of the Sylvans continued during the whole time of the chorus, and had an excellent effect.

Thus ended the first masque, which the public had an opportunity of seeing in some degree as well as the visitors; and the loud acclamations of joy at the conclusion, was a convincing proof of the high opinion entertained by the nobility and gentry of this rural festival. The company in general expressed infinite satisfaction at the great and lively abilities of the composer, who shewed great taste and genius throughout the whole performance. Much merit was also due to Mr. Vernon and Mrs. Barthelemon; particularly the former, whose abilities were not confined solely to the musical part allotted to him, but was particularly serviceable on the occasion, in decorating the trees with festoons of flowers, assisted by the gardener, and his attendants.

This being over, the company amused themselves with walking about till the temporary room was illuminated, and upon a signal given, another pro-

cession

cession was made. Lord Stanley, supported by Lady Betty Hamilton, the queen of the Oaks, and miss Stanley, led the way, the rest of the company following two by two. The noble visitors were first conducted through a beautiful and magnificent octagon hall, with transparent windows, painted suitable to the occasion: at the end of the great room hung six superb curtains, supposed to cover the same number of large windows; they were of crimson colour, richly ornamented with deep gold fringe. Colonades appeared on each side the room, with wreaths of flowers running up the columns; and the whole building was lined chair back high with white persian and gold fringe; the seats around were covered with deep crimson. The company amused themselves with dancing minuets and cotillions till half past eleven, when an explosion, similar to the going off of a large quantity of rockets, put the whole lively group into a consternation. This was occasioned by a signal given for the curtains, which we have before described, to fly up and exhibit to the company a large supper room, with tables spread with the most costly dainties, all hot and tempting. The company took their seats in an instant, without the least interruption, and partook of the entertainment. They no sooner appeared satisfied than the whole was removed instantaneously, and a handsome desert spread on the tables, without their being able to account for the sudden change. When the ladies seemed tired with this second piece of luxury, the band were heard tuning their instruments in the octagon hall. This was another signal for the com-

pany to leave the supper room and adjourn to the ball room. No sooner was the above chamber cleared, when again, to the astonishment of all present, down flew the large curtains, and made the ball room appear in its first state of elegance.

The ceremony of arranging the company next took place, and was executed by the general, who having placed lady Betty Hamilton in the center, formed the rest of the company into a circular groupe. This done, a Druid of the Oaks, represented by Capt. Pigott, came forward from the octagon hall, with a few complimentary lines, suitable to the occasion, summoning the fawns and wood-nymphs to attend the ceremony within. A grand chorus was then sung by the nymphs, fawns, and Sylvans, led on by Cupids. After this chorus, another speech by the Druid. Mrs. Barthelemon, in the character of a wood-nymph, sung a pleasing air, the words in praise of conjugal felicity. This produced, at the conclusion, a chaconne, which was executed by eight principal dancers with great ease and agility. The Druid made another speech, and having finished, Mr. Vernon sung an air in praise of the Oak. Next was an alemande, by sixteen principal dancers, and afterwards a speech relative to the Oaks, by the Druid. Mrs. Barthelemon and Mr. Vernon then sung a duet, which was likewise in praise of the Oak, its prosperity and advantage, finishing with a few complimentary lines to lady Betty by the Druid, and a grand chorus of vocal and instrumental music. During which a device in transparency was introduced, in which, two hymeneal torches lighted on the top, a shield representing the

Hamilton

Hamilton crest, (an oak with a saw thro' it, and a ducal coronet); after a chorus, the Druid, fawns and wood nymphs went to the altar; and two Cupids, the Cupid of love, and the hymenean Cupid ascending the steps, crowned the shield with the wreath of love and hymen. Thus ended the second part; of which, by this description, the reader will judge the elegance and grandeur.

The third part was opened by minuets, composed on the occasion, by the earl of Kelly. Lord Stanley and lady Betty Hamilton, opened the second ball, and the rest of the nobility danced in their turns; when the minuets were ended, country dances struck up, and continued till past three o'clock. The company were highly entertained with the illuminations in the gardens, which had a fine effect from the front wing of the house.—Facing the temporary room was erected a large Ionic portico, supported by four large transparent columns, of a bright pink colour. On a scroll on the pediment were the following words: “Sacred to propitious Venus.” In the center of the pediment was a shield, with the Hamilton and Stanley arms quartered, the whole supported by a band of Cupids, who appeared to great advantage by the assistance of four pyramids of light. Several pyramids of lights were likewise erected in different parts of the garden.

The whole of this festival was conducted by general Burgoyne. The company were so highly pleased, that they did not part till four in the morning. Those who had been at fêtes champetres in France, declared they never saw any one equal to lord Stanley's.

A TETE A TETE DIALOGUE
ON THE
FETE DE CHAMPETRE.

LORD SIMPER.

WH Y so penfive this morning when all things
are gay?

Why those looks so demure on the first day of may?
Is your husband return'd, or your ticket misplac'd?
Has your frizeur equip'd some ones head in your
taste?

Explain, Lady Verdeur—for I'm dying to know
What you think—what you eat—how you sleep—
where you go?

LADY VERDEUR.

Thou dear little peer, of those spirits the prime,
Who possess all our thoughts, and employ all our
time,
Who buz round our ears at all hours—and of course,
Must affect all our movements—as flies do a horse;
I hate this fine spring, and your first day of May,
Which drive our pantheons and operas away.

LORD SIMPER.

Will not Ranelagh do—the park and the garden?
Whatever's more rural—is not worth a farthing:
—Eliziums! where sighs are convey'd in each breeze,
And Cupids scarce fledg'd cluster round you—like bees;

Can

Can you leave those dear boxes—and Cyprian bowers
For the jargon of children and family hours?

LADY VERDEUR.

Too well, my dear Lord, you've describ'd that
dull scene,

Where beauty must pine in the shade, and in spleen;
With country neighbours to sit down at three
(We've but one public day, a grand jubilee)
Who come twelve miles at least, play for sixpence
—and then

They pig at eleven, set off next day at ten.

LORD SIMPER

Oh shocking! I vow such vile bondage I'd break,
What's a family system—when honor's at stake?
How unlike Lady Fudge—whose pride is to roam
At all hours—to all places—not one thought of home!
From Pantheon at six—lies till one—with what grace
At St. James's she yawns in his Majesty's face?

LADY VERDEUR.

Your convert, my Lord, I subscribe from my soul,
No more shall dull forms my footsteps controul;
The children shall travel—I care not how soon:
I may follow myself the last week in June;
But own our routine's somewhat dull—so adieu,
And mark my conversion by something that's new.

LORD SIMPER. *Aside.*

Kind stars, what a convert—she'll give us new life,
What a mistress retriev'd from a dull placid wife?

We

We must give her no time to reflect, no, not one day
M——ch and H——t must secure her with music
Sunday.

But hold, lady Verdeur—I've two projects—on which
Your taste must decide—let's retire to yon nitch.

LADY VERDEUR.

I ne'er will be seen in nitch, door-way, or corner
Like laquer-fac'd A—— or vagabond H—— ;
Then men all presuming—the women all spiteful,
(Lord, how well chose this coat, the trimmings de
lightful)

I'll disclose your two plans to no mortal alive,
My chair is the next—I ne'er stay beyond five.

LORD SIMPER.

The first plan is this—(tho' not totally mine)
I'm sure you'll allow it—a thought most divine ;
To invite all the world to my house out of town,
In sunshine, and chaises, and masks to come down.
Then of S--tr--rs and H--g--rs, and every non etre
We are sure—hail my queen of our ballet champetre

LADY VERDEUR.

I'm ravish'd, my Lord, with your scheme—you
shall see

I'll be down at your hour in my new vis a vis :
Its sides are all glass, its lining dark green,
For you know, my dear Lord—how I hate to be seen
O ! that dear charming carriage, so narrow I swear
My husband's broad shoulders can never come there

LORD

LORD SIMPER.

The cards you'll address as queen of the fete,
 We'll give them two days en cas de tempete :
 The ices—the mottoes—the beaux rimez too,
 The souper, the music I leave all to you ;
 I've bespoke all the flowers for ten miles around,
 Not a bouquet in London that day shall be found.

LADY VERDEUR.

But pray, my dear lord, is your house small or
 great ?

Do you know the expence of this ravishing fete ?
 To dance Cotillions even I should refuse,
 If we dance to the tune of annuitant Jews.
 Can your lordship still smile—be gallant and content,
 To enjoy your estates, whilst they take your rent ?

LORD SIMPER.

What drum do we see—assembly—or rout,
 But half of the guests at least are squeez'd out ?
 We'll have arbors and grottoes, and seats under trees,
 Where the rest may retire and do--as they please.
 But for God's sake, my lady,--don't think of the
 cost,
 If once we reflect, all amusement is lost ;
 My Irish Spaulpeens shall pay for our jokes,
 And Shellelah subscribe to illumine the Oaks !
 Their English landlord will visit them soon,
 View the beauties of Scotland--and to post back in
 June.

—At

---At the worst you shall find me heroic and calm,
 And ready, like C--l--le, to spin ode or psalm;
 Tune my lyre like that poet, and charmingly sing
 On the death of your lap dog, or fate of your ring
 To retrieve my sunk fortune---I'll rattle the box,
 Cheat all who dare trust me---and out-rival F--x.

Adieu, my dear queen—I entreat, ere we part,
 One favor—'twill prove how you reign in my heart
 Let your friseur la bogue come down to our fete.
 A curl may be wrong—all depends on the tete.

T H E T I M E S.

A N E L E G Y.

WRITTEN IN AMERICA, 1775.

O H Boston! late with ev'ry pleasure crown'd,
 Where commerce triumph'd on the fav'ring
 gales,
 And each pleas'd eye, that rov'd in prospect round
 Hail'd thy bright spires, and bless'd thy op'ning
 sails!

The plenteous marts with rich profusion smil'd,
 Thy gay throng crowded in thy spacious streets,
 From either Ind thy chearful stores were fill'd,
 Thy ports were gladden'd with unnumber'd fleets.

For there more fair than in their native vales,
 Tall groves of masts arose in beauteous pride;
 The waves were whiten'd by the swelling sails,
 And plenty wafted on the neighb'ring tide.

Alas, how chang'd ! the swelling sails no more
 Catch the fair winds, and wanton in the sky ;
 But hostile beaks affright the guarded shore,
 And pointed thunders all access deny.

No more the merchant greets his promis'd gains,
 No busy throngs obstruct the mournful way,
 O'er thy sad marts a gloomy silence reigns,
 And thro' thy streets the sons of rapine stray.

Such the drear stillness of the desert night,
 When horror settles on the shrouded groves,
 While pow'rs of darkness claim their hateful right,
 And fierce for prey the savage tyger roves.

Along thy fields, that late in beauty shone,
 With lowing herds and grassy vesture fair,
 Th' insulting tents of barb'rous troops are strown,
 And bloody standards stain the peaceful air.—

Are these thy deeds, oh Britain ? this the praise,
 That points the growing lustre of thy name ?
 These glorious works, that in thy latter days,
 Gild the bright period of thine early fame ?

To rise in ravage and with arm prophane,
 From freedom's shrine each sacred gilt to rend ;
 And mark the closing annals of thy reign,
 With ev'ry foe subdu'd—and every friend ?

In thee no more bold virtue's orient ray
 The soul of joy to patriot bands affords ;
 But cloud instead and ever-during sway,
 Of commons venal and dependant lords.

No

No more with manly zeal thy senates glow—
 Behind the scenes, thy factious nobles wait,
 Prompt the vain farce, inspire the noisy show,
 Guide the blind vote, and rule the mock debate.

To these how vain, in weary woes forlorn,
 With fearful bands the fond complaint to raise,
 Lift fruitless off'rings to the ear of scorn,
 Of servile vows and well dissembled praise !

Will the grim savage of the nightly fold
 Learn from their cries the blameless flock to spare
 Will the deaf gods, that frown in molten gold,
 Bless the dup'd hand, that spreads the prostrate
 prayer ?

With what pleas'd hope before the face of pride.
 We rear'd our suppliant eyes with filial awe ?
 While loud disdain with ruffian voice reply'd,
 And inj'ry triumph'd in the garb of law.

While peers enraptur'd hail th' unmanly wrong,
 See ribaldry, vile prostitute of shame,
 Stretch the brib'd hand and prompt the venal tongue
 To blast the laurels of a FRANKLIN's name ?

But will the sage, whose philosophic soul,
 Controul'd the lightning in its fierce career,
 Heard unappeal'd the ærial thunders roll,
 And taught the bolts of vengeance where to steer ?

Will he, while ecchoing to his just renown,
 The voice of kingdoms joins the loud applause ;
 Heed the weak malice of a courtier's frown,
 Or dread the coward insolence of laws ?

See envying Britain rends the hallow'd bays,
 Illuded justice pens the mock decree ;
 While infamy her darling scrowl displays,
 And points well pleas'd, oh Wedderburn, to thee.

For naught avail the virtues of the heart,
 Nor tow'ring genius claims its due reward ;
 From Britain's fury, as from death's keen dart,
 No worth can save us, and no fame can guard.

And now that pow'r, whose pointed wrath so late
 Hath stamp'd the seal of vengeance on our ports,
 Breaks the strong pillars of our falling state,
 Our faithful councils, and impartial courts !

No more shall justice with unbias'd hand,
 From hard oppression snatch her trembling prey,
 While in her ballance by supreme command,
 Hang the dead weights of ministerial sway.

(For taught by pain, our injur'd bosoms feel
 How just thy claims whence all our woes began,
 And own *supreme* the power, that could repeal,
 Those laws of heav'n, that guard the rights of
 man.)

In vain we hope from Britain's haughty pride
 An hand to save us, or an heart to bless ;
 'Tis strength, our own, must stem the rushing tide,
 And our own virtue yield the wish'd success.

But

But, oh, my friends, the arm of blood * restrain;
 (No rage intemp'rate aids the public weal)
 Nor basely blend (too daring, but in vain)
 Th' assassins' madness with the patriot's zeal.

Shall the fields blush, with vital crimson stain'd,
 When blind resentment marks the victim'd breast
 Will wreaking-life, by vengeful hands prophan'd,
 Our wrongs relieve, or charm our woes to rest?

Ours be the manly firmness of the sage,
 From shameless hands th' ungrateful wounds to
 bear ;

Alike remov'd from baseness and from rage,
 The flames of faction, and the chills of fear.

Check the vast torrent of commercial gain,
 That buys our ruin at a price so rare ;
 And while we scorn Britannia's servile chain,
 Disdain the liv'ry of her marts to wear.

For shall the lust of fashions and of show,
 The curst idolatry of silks and lace,
 Bid our proud robes insult our country's woes,
 And welcome slav'ry in the glare of dress ?

* This is not meant as a caution against defending our rights with our blood, if we should be driven to that extremity : but only against the impolitic zeal of those, who seem desirous to let loose the rage of popular resentment, and bring matters immediately to a crisis ; although more mild and far more promising measures are proposed by the general voice of the colonies.

ain; Will the blind dupe, in liv'ried tinsel gay,
Boast the sham'd trappings, that adorn the slave?
Will the fond mourner change his sad array,
T' attend in gorging pomp a parent's grave?

d, No! the rich produce of our fertile toil,
Shall cloath the neatness of the chearful train;
n'd, While heav'n-born virtues bless the hallow'd soil,
rest: And gild the humble vestures of the plain.

No foreign labour in the Asian field
Shall weave her filks to deck the wanton age,
nds t But here, like Rome, the furrow'd vale shall yield
Th' unvanquish'd chieftain and paternal sage.

ar. And ye, whose heaven in silken pomp to shine,
To run with joy the vain luxurious round,
Bless the full banquet with the charms of wine,
And roll the thundering chariot o'er the ground;

For this, while rob'd in sycophantic smile,
With hearts all mindless of your country's pain,
Your flatt'ring falsehoods feed the ears of guile,
And barter freedom for the dreams of gain.

Are these the joys on vassal'd climes that wait
In downs of ease luxuriant to repose,
To quaff rich viands in the domes of state,
And blaze in splendor of imperial shows?

No—the hard hand, the tortur'd brow of care,
The thatch-roof'd hamlet and defenceless shed,
The tatter'd garb, that meets th' inclement air,
The famish'd table, and the thorny bed;

These are their fate. In vain the arm of toil
 With gifts autumnal crowns the bearded plain;
 In vain glad sons may prompt the genial soil,
 And spring diffuse her soften'd show'rs in vain;

There savage pow'r extends its dismal shade,
 And chill oppression, with her frosts severe,
 Sheds her dire blastings o'er the springing blade,
 And robs th' expecting labours of the year.

So must we sink ! and at the stern command
 That bears the terrors of a tyrant's word,
 Bend the crouch'd knee, and raise the suppliant hand
 The poor, dependant vassals of a lord ?

The wintry ravage of the storm to meet,
 Brave the scorch'd vapours of th' autumnal air;
 Then pour the hard earn'd harvest at his feet,
 And beg some pittance from our pains to share !

But not for this, by heav'n and virtue led,
 From the mad rule of hierarchal pride,
 From slavish chains our injur'd fathers fled,
 And follow'd freedom on th' advent'rous tide ;

Dar'd the wild terrors of these climes unknown,
 Th' insidious savage, and the crimson'd plain,
 To us bequeath'd the prize, their woes had won,
 Nor deem'd they suffer'd, or they bled in vain.

And think'st thou, North, the sons of such a race,
 Where beams of glory blest their purpled morn,
 Will shrink unnerv'd before a tyrant's face,
 Nor meet thy louting insolence with scorn ?

Look thro' the circuit of th' extended shore,
 That checks the surges of th' Atlantic deep;
 What weak eye trembles at the frowns of pow'r?
 What leaden soul invites the bands of sleep?

How goodness warms each heaven-illumin'd heart?
 What gen'rous gifts the woes of want assuage;
 And sympathetic tears of pity start,
 To aid the destin'd victims of thy rage!

No clam'rous faction with unhallow'd zeal
 To wayward madness wakes th' impassion'd throng;
 No thoughtless furies sheath their breasts with steel,
 Or call the sword t' avenge th' oppressive wrong.

Fraternal bands with vows accordant join;
 One guardian genius, one enrapt'ring soul
 Nerves the strong heart, inflames the just design,
 Combines, in spirits and illumines the whole.

Now meet the fathers of this western clime;
 Nor nobler names e'er grac'd the rolls of fame,
 When spartan firmness brav'd the wrecks of time,
 Or Rome's bold virtues fann'd th' heroic flame.

Not deeper thought th' immortal sage inspir'd,
 On Solon's lips when Grecian senates hung;
 Nor manlier eloquence the bosom fir'd,
 When genius thunder'd from th' Athenian tongue.

And hopes thy pride to match the patriot strain
 By the brib'd slave in pension'd lists enroll'd;
 Or awe their councils by the voice prophane,
 That wakes to utterance at the calls of gold?

Can frowns of terror daunt the warrior's deeds,
 Where guilt is stranger to th' ingenuous heart? And
 Or craft illude, where godlike science sheds
 The beams of knowledge, and the gifts of art? Thi
 Go, raise thy hand, and with its magic pow'r
 Pencil with night the sun's ascending ray, A ne
 Bid the board veil eclipse the noon-tide hour, D
 And blank the radiance of the chearful day.—And
 (Such night as lours o'er Britain's fated land, Sh
 Where rayless shades the darken'd throne surround Ther
 Nor deeper glooms at Moses' waving wand, Pi
 Pour'd their thick horrors o'er the Memphis The
 ground.) A
 Bid heav'ns bright flames at thy dread voice expire, Beho
 Or chain the angry vengeance of the waves; T
 Then hope thy breath can chill th' eternal fire, Wha
 And free souls pinion with the bonds of slaves. W
 Thou canst not hope---Attend the flight of days,
 View the bold deeds, that wait the dawning age See,
 Where time's strong arm, that rules the mighty mar W
 Shifts the proud actors on this earthly stage: W
 Then tell us, North, for thou art sure to know; O
 For have not kings and fortune made thee great Lo,
 Or lurks not genius in th' ennobled brow, A
 And dwells not wisdom in the robes of state? Rise
 Tell how the pow'rs of luxury and pride A
 Taint the pure zephyrs with their poison'd breath Whe
 How dark corruption spreads th' envenom'd tide, T
 And Briton totters on the verge of death. The

And tell how rapt by freedom's deathless flame,
 And fost'ring influence of the fav'ring skies,
 This western world, the last recess of fame,
 Sees in her wilds a new-born empire rise :
 A new-born empire, whose ascendant hour
 Defies the foes, that would its life destroy ;
 And like Alcides, with its infant power,
 Shall crush those serpents, who its rest annoy.
 Then look thro' time, and with extended eye,
 Pierce the deep veil of fate's obscure domain !
 The morning dawns, th' effulgent star is nigh,
 And crimson'd glories deck her rising reign !
 Behold afar, beneath the cloud of days,
 The opening wonders of ascending fame ;
 What heroes rise, immortal heirs of praise !
 What fields of death, with conq'ring standards
 flame !
 See, her throng'd cities warlike gates unfold !
 What tow'ring armies stretch their banners wide,
 Where cold Ontario's icy waves are roll'd,
 Or far Altama's silver waters glide !
 Lo, from the groves, th' aspiring cliffs that shade
 Ascending pines, the surging ocean brave,
 Rise in tall masts, the floating canvass spread,
 And rule the dread dominions of the wave !
 Where her clear rivers pour the mazy tide,
 The laughing lawns in full luxuriance bloom,
 The golden harvest spreads its wanton pride,
 And the flow'ry garden breathes a glad perfume !

Her potent voice shall hush the storms of fate,
 Where the meads blossom, or the billows roar;
 And cities, gay, with sumptuous domes of state,
 Stretch their bright turrets on the founding shore.

There mark that coast, which seats of wealth surround,
 That haven, rich with many a flow'ring sail,

Where mighty ships, from earth's remotest bound,
 Float on the chearful pinions of the gale;

There BOSTON smiles, no more the sport of scorn,
 And meanly prison'd by thy fleets no more;
 And far as oceans billowy tides are born,
 Lifts her fear'd ensigns of imperial power.

So smile the shores, where lordly Hudson strays,
 (Whose floods fair York, and proud Albania lave)
 Or Philadelphia's happier clime surveys
 Her glitt'ring spires in Schuylkill's lucid wave.

Or southward far extend thy wond'ring eyes,
 Where fertile streams the garden'd vales divide,
 And mid the peopled fields distinguish'd rise,
 Virginian tow'rs, and Charlestown's spiry pride
 Genins of arts, of manners, and of arms,
 See deck'd with glory and the blooms of grace,
 This virgin clime unfolds her brighter charms,
 And gives her beauties to thy fond embrace!

Hark from the glades, and ev'ry list'ning spray,
 What heav'n-born muses wake th'enraptur'd song
 The vocal shades attune th'enchanted lay,
 And echoing vales harmonious strains prolong.

Thro' the vast series of descending years,
 That lose their streams in time's eternal wave,
 Till heav'n's last trump shall rend th' affrighted spheres,
 And ope each empire's everlasting grave ;

Propitious skies the joyous field shall crown,
 And robe her vallies in perpetual prime,
 And ages blest, of undisturb'd renown,
 Beam their mild radiance o'er th' imperial clime--

And where is Britain ?---In the skirt of day,
 Where stormy Neptune rolls his utmost tide,
 Where suns oblique diffuse a feeble ray,
 And lonely waves the fated shores divide ;

Seest thou yon Isle, whose desert landscape yields
 The mournful traces of the fame she bore,
 Where matted thorns oppress the cultur'd fields,
 And piles of ruin choak the dreary shore ?——

From those lov'd seats, the virtues sad withdrew
 From fell corruption's bold and venal hand ;
 Reluctant freedom wav'd her last adieu
 And devastation swept the vassal'd land.

On her white cliffs the pillars once of fame
 Her melancholy genius sits to wail,
 Drops the fond tear, and o'er her latest shame,
 Bids dark oblivion draw her fable veil.

O N A U C T I O N S.

WHAT an amazing progress we have made in the fine arts within the last twenty years. We have advanced not by steps, but by long strides. Since the arts have found protection and encouragement from the throne, the taste for virtù has become universal; persons of all ranks and degrees set up for connoisseurs, and even the lowest people talk familiarly of Hannibal Scratchi, Paul Varnish, and Raphael Angelo.

Among others, you must know, that I am smitten with the love of the fine arts, and I never miss any exhibition where pictures are to be seen. You must know likewise that I am a very considerable collector, and have crammed my house as full as it can hold with pictures, prints, drawings and sculptures. Notwithstanding this, I am still adding to my store, and of course am a constant attendant at all the great auctions; indeed there is hardly any place where one can be so well entertained, or meet with so many people of taste; and in short where one both hears and sees so many good things.

We have at present two or three celebrated auctioneers, who, I verily believe, make more money and crack more jokes in a given time, than the same number of persons of any profession whatever. If you never attend a sale of pictures, you can have no notion what merry, facetious, entertaining gentlemen these auctioneers are. I am just come from

a sale,

a sale, not a vast way from Covent Garden, and will endeavour (from memory) to give you a few lots by way of specimen.

Lot 1. Lot and his two daughters:—This Lot, gentlemen, is very worthy of your attention;—if you miss this Lot, you miss three Lots at once; there is the old gentleman Mr. Lot, and the two miss Lots, he! he! he! Do but observe this picture, Ladies; the old man is a fine character; and pray observe, gentlemen, that the two females are exceeding good pieces. If general Guise were living, he would give fifty pounds for such a picture. Let doctor—— see it; hand it to the doctor;—there, Sir, do but look at it; there is warmth, there is expression.---Observe the back ground; there's salt in this piece, gentlemen; for there you may see Mrs. Lot turned into a pillar, ha! ha! ha! and then in the view of Sodom and Gomorrah, such fire and force, he! he! he!

Lot. 2. The rape of Ganymede---Italian; what, nobody bid for this lot? well, take it back.

Lot 3. A landscape with a water-mill, by Van Goen. This is an admirable representation of nature---nobody makes clearer water. A going for twenty-pounds; a Van Goen a-going---gone---he! he! he! who's the purchaser?

Lot 4. Orpheus playing on the fiddle, (Flemish) and the brutes dancing in concert——This is a charming picture; there is amazing harmony in the tone of colouring, and the effect is wonderful.

Lot 5. A philosopher at study by the light of a lamp;---a fine picture by this light! 'Tis very highly

highly finished, and may truly be said to smell of the lamp.

Lot 6. The judgment of Solomon. Pray, gentlemen, shew your own great judgment in bidding liberally for this lot ;---you may safely advance ten guineas a time for ten hours together.

Lot 7. A garden, with the statue of Priapus, an upright picture. This piece, gentlemen, abounds with lively strokes of truth and nature ; 'tis drawn with great boldness, and will stand the test of criticism.

Lot 8. A plate of pickles ---finely preserved, Rowland Savoury ; sure every person of taste must relish this lot.

Lot 9. The inside of a church. I hope, gentlemen, some of you will bid for this picture, as is perhaps the only chance you have of seeing the **INSIDE** of a **CHURCH**, ha ! ha ! ha !

It would run this letter to an immoderate length if I was to mention every lot which furnished the orator an occasion of exercising his pleasantry. The attempt of Potiphar's wife on Joseph, he called an Essay on Man ; Susannah and the two elders was Noli me tangere ; a hogstye with sleeping swine by Ostade, was a Dutch Repose ; and he expressed great surprize, that nobody was tempted to bid for the temptation of St. Anthony.

I could not help remarking, how happy he was at any similarity of sound, between the subject of the picture and the name of the painter ; as for example,

A Flower

A Flower Piece,	by Du Jardin.
A Landscape with Trees,	by Clump.
A Sea Piece,	by Vandercable.
Fruit,	by Vanbloom.
Fowls,	by Storck.
A Dwarf,	by Le Nain.
Fortune-Tellers,	by Bonaventure.
A Storm,	by Tempesta.
And Hunting,	by Hondius.

These are a sort of jokes ready cut and dry, which fortune threw in his way, and of which he always took care to avail himself.

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

BY PAUL WHITEHEAD, Esq.

TO DR. SCHOMBERG, OF BATH.

TWIXT Death and Schomberg, t'other day,
 Fierce contest did arise;
 Cries Death, "your patient yield my prey",
 The doctor Death defies.
 Enrag'd to hear his power defy'd,
 He aim'd his keenest dart,
 But wond'ring, saw it glance aside,
 And miss the vital part.
 Thus baffled, Death, surveying o'er
 The dart so us'd to kill,
 Found Schomberg had its feather tore,
 And fledg'd it with his quill.

A N O.

A N O T H E R.

BY THE SAME.

TO Schomberg, quoth Death, “I your patient
will have;”

To Death reply'd Schomberg, “My patient I'll save.
Then Death seiz'd his arrow---the Doctor his pen,
And each wound the one gave, t'other heal'd it again,
'Till Death swore he never had met such defiance,
Since he and the college had been in alliance.

TO A LADY, ON HER PASSION FOR OLD CHINA.

WHAT extacies her bosom fire!
How her eyes languish with desire!
How blest, how happy should I be,
Were that fond glance bestow'd on me!
New doubts and fears within me war:
What rival's near? a China jar.
China's the passion of her soul:
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,
Can kindle wishes in her breast,
Inflame with joy, or break her rest.
Some gems collect, some medals prize,
And view the rust with lover's eyes;
Some court the stars at midnight hours;
Some doat on nature's charms in flow'rs;
But ev'ry beauty I can trace,
In Laura's mind, in Laura's face;

My stars are in this brighter sphere ;
 My lilly and my rose is here.
 Philosophers more grave than wise,
 Hunt science down in butterflies ;
 Or fondly poring on a spider,
 Stretch human contemplation wider.
 Fossils give joy to Galen's soul,
 He digs for knowledge like a mole.
 In shells so learn'd, that all agree,
 No fish that swims knows more than he.
 In such pursuits if wisdom lies,
 Who, Laura, shall thy taste despise ?
 When I some antique jar behold,
 Or white, or blue, or speck'd with gold,
 Vessels so pure and so refin'd,
 Appear the types of woman kind.
 Are they not valued for their beauty,
 Too fair, too fine for household duty,
 With flowers and gold, and azure dy'd ;
 Of every house the grace and pride ;
 How white, how polish'd is their skin,
 And valued most when only seen.
 She, who before was highest priz'd,
 Is for a crack or flaw despis'd.
 I grant they're frail, yet they're so rare,
 The treasure cannot cost too dear.
 But man is made of coarser stuff,
 And serves convenience well enough :
 He's a strong earthen vessel made,
 For drudging, labour, toil and trade.

And

My

And when wives lose their other self,
 With ease they bear the loss of self.
 Husbands, more covetous than sage,
 Condemn this china-buying rage ;
 They count that woman's prudence little,
 Who sets her heart in things so brittle,
 But are those wise men's inclinations,
 Fixt on more strong, more sure foundations,
 If all that's frail we must despise,
 No human view or scheme is wise,
 Are not ambitious hopes as weak ?
 They swell like bubbles, shine, and break.
 A courtier's promise is so slight,
 'Tis made at noon, and broke at night.
 What pleasure's sure ?—The miss you keep
 Breaks both your fortune and your sleep.
 The man who loves a country life,
 Breaks all the comforts of his wife.
 And if he quits his farm and plough,
 His wife in town may break her vow.
 Love, Laura, love, while youth is warm,
 For each new winter breaks a charm ;
 And woman's not like china sold,
 But cheaper grows, in growing old.
 Then quickly chuse the prudent part,
 Or else you break a faithful heart.

UPON SEEING MR. TAYLOR'S PICTURES, OF BATH,
AND HEARING A CONNOISSEUR SWEAR THAT
"THEY WERE FINELY PAINTED FOR A GEN-
"TLEMAN."

[WRITTEN BY D. GARRICK, Esq.]

TELL me the meaning, you who can,
Of "finely painted for a gentleman!"
Is genius, rarest gift of heav'n,
To the hir'd artist only giv'n?
Or, like the Catholic salvation,
Pal'd in for any class or station?
Is it bound 'prentice to the trade,
Which works, and as it works, is paid?
Is there no skill to build, invent,
Unless inspir'd by five per cent?
And shalt thou, Taylor, paint in vain,
Unless impell'd by hopes of gain;
Be wise, my friend, and take thy fee,
That Claud Lorraine may yield to thee.

AN EPITAPH ON THE MONUMENT OF THE LATE
WORTHY AND REV. MR. BEIGHTON, OF EG-
HAM, WHO WAS VICAR OF THAT PLACE FOR-
TY-FIVE YEARS.

N E A R half an age, with ev'ry good man's
praise,
Among his flock the shepherd pass'd his days;
The friend, the comfort of the sick and poor,
Want never knock'd unheeded at his door;

Oft

Oft when his duty call'd, difeafe and pain,
 Strove to confine him, but they ftrove in vain :
 All moan his death, his virtue's long they try'd,
 They knew not how they lov'd him till he dy'd :
 Peculiar bleffings did his life attend,
 He had no foe, and Camden was his friend.

D. GARRICK

ON GENERAL WOLF.

BY SIR WILLIAM DRAPER, Esq.

IMMORTAL Wolfe! Sculptor, thy lau-
 rel'd buft
 Faintly attempts to grace his facred duft !
 Such mighty acts demand a nobler plan,
 Britannia feeks her hero, not the man :
 Quebec's his monument. Add to thy theme
 Th' indignant river's * ftiong oppofing ftream :
 On Abr'am's lofty fummit † place the bier ;
 Let Conduct, Valor, Difcipline be there,
 In conqueft view their darling fun expire ;
 So future time fhall hear it and admire ;
 Virtue and Fame fhall join this tomb to raife,
 Nor Envy's felf be filent in his praife.

Clifton, Aug. 3.

* St. Laurence.

† The Field of Battle.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE FROM MR. GEO. LACY

TO THE

REV. MR. BOUDRY.

—Stulta est clementia, cum tot ubique
Vatibos occurras, perituræ parcere chartæ.

AFTER much hiding, Sir, and dodging,
And sneaking up and down for lodging;
Of hated penury suspected;
And by the wary host rejected;
I slipt into a house that's haunted,
And took possession most undaunted;
Where, having nothing else but leisure,
I've been in search of hidden treasure.
Each gloomy drooping tenement
Despairs of ever yielding rent:
The shatter'd old unhinged door,
Invites the miser, rich and poor.
No dog inhabits here, nor cat;
Nor any animal, but rat,
Or spider: was it not for her,
The bending walls would all be bare:
She, busy from the rising sun
To latest vesper, webs has spun
For hangings, or for garments fine,
And thin, if possible, as mine.
Here Æolus aloft doth bluster,
And all his stormy legions muster:

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They

They in their rage have broke the tiling,
 And made a clear transparent ceiling.
 With bread, O Ceres, fill my platter,
 Jove will himself descend in water.

S O N N E T:

TO TWO REDBREASTS WHO WERE BUILDING,
 BUT ON SIGHT OF THE AUTHOR, FLED.

SOFT inmate of the love-fraught breast,
 Pity has still been known;
 Nor e'er will he destroy your rest,
 Who trembles for his own.
 Then, pretty warblers, fly not me;
 Your pleasing toils renew:
 From Cupid's pow'r till I am free,
 I ne'er can injure you.

PHILO.

ON THE ALTERATIONS IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

COME powers of taste, nor while the vacan
 hours
 Away at Lessowes, or in Hagley's bowers;
 Mansions of taste no longer now the same,
 Sad relics only of their master's fame:
 Leave finish'd Stow, at Burleigh leave Len. Brown,
 And come with Billy R—n to town.
 An ample plain there lies, oblique between
 The honour'd residence of Albion's queen,
 Which its proud summits thus ennobled rears,
 More by her virtues than the crown she wears,

An

And in those realms, the realms of freedom known,
 A little mansion, which I call my own.
 On that while R—n exhausts his art,
 Your influence all ye powers of taste impart.
 I ask not here to scoop the hollow dell,
 There bid the gay Swerd's verd'rous bosom swell :
 Naked and flat be the eye-wearying scene
 As billiard table, tho' not half so green.
 Let not, in groups assembling unconfin'd,
 The Hamadryades gossip with the wind ;
 And here and there be taught a Dryad stray,
 With artful ignorance to lose her way.
 Upright as musqueteers in a train-band,
 Rang'd rank and file, whilst the tall wood-nymphs
 stand ;
 To keep the roving eye within due bound,
 The fair extent throw an embracement round,
 And from Moorfields, where elegance prevails,
 Bring the nice model of the circling rails.
 Bring Bedlam too, straw beds, and bells so dark ;
 And let the mansion skirt St. James's Park, &c.
 &c. &c.

REFLECTIONS ON THE ABSURDITY, FOLLY,
 AND INCONSISTENCY OF VARIOUS FASHIONA-
 BLE CUSTOMS AND CEREMONIES PRACTISED
 IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE COMPANIES.

Vivere est cogitare, et videre.

I HAVE been led into a reflection upon the many
 useless, superfluous, inconsistent, and troublesome
 customs and ceremonies which still subsist among us

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in

in our most social and entertaining meetings ; and which are so absurd and ridiculous in themselves, that they rather serve to confound and perplex, than to support the dignity of society, or give consequence to individuals.

True politeness consists in ease, to which good-sense is an happy auxiliary. Form and false parade stick close to the ignorant and the vulgar.

I have seen two ladies from Cateaton-street stand for five minutes curtsyng with, “ No, madam, indeed, ma’m—’pon my honour—I cannot go first, madam,” and perhaps raining all the time ;—and all this was about who shall first ascend the step to a greasy hackney coach.

In entering into a room, public or private, you will eternally find two old frumps drawn forth in their stiffest silks, with fly-caps on in the month of December, wrangling who shall first advance ; by which diabolical ceremony the rear is thrown into disorder.

At dinner, again, if the mistress of the house helps some lady first, the sweet creature, to shew her politeness, won’t touch her victuals till the table is served round ; by which means she loses the comfort of her dinner, her meat being quite cold before she tastes it ; and if any thing better than usual is provided for her, she is sure not to touch it, by way of shewing her manners.

There is another most dissonant and perplexing custom, which is that of drinking healths at table ; and

we

we certainly have the best reason for dropping such a troublesome custom, when we have so good an example in all crowned heads, who never suffer so teasing a ceremony amongst them.

It is my misfortune to visit some houses where six children dine at table; and mamma, to shew her good breeding and manners, has taught all her squeaking brats to drink every person's health at the table; and therefore we have nothing in our ears but the dull repetitions of these children, to shew their observance of their mamma's dictates.

Drinking of healths does not stop here, but in large societies is the pest of every sensible ear, where you will have a pudding-stuffed alderman echo some common council man's health, and desire the vibration to be continued ten deep, when a culinary echo is returned of, "thank you—thank you—thank you, Sir."—I belong to one of the most vociferous clubs in town, where, independent of their natural and acquired noise, they keep eternally bellowing the president's health—so that before one mouthful can succeed to another, I am continually interrupted with "Captain, Sir, your health!" For the universal peace of every table I mention this, in hopes an universal reformation in the custom may be adopted. Sometimes I have pretended not to hear this offensive salute, in hopes thereby I might escape making a reply; when, to my mortification, some formal big-nosed old fellow waited till I was ready—nor would his good manners suffer him to drink until he had received my bow and thanks.

The origin of this custom arose from a serious circumstance, when the natural enemies of the British islanders were often wounded or murdered by the invaders, at the very time the cup was to their Mouths—from whence the expression of *I pledge you*, was introduced; that is, a second person pledged himself for the safety of him who was drinking; and he that took the cup drank health to him who pledged himself for his safety.

Now, since religion and education have rather modelled and reformed us, and while we are drinking there is no great danger of having one's throat cut,—there is no pressing occasion to drink every body's health, as we do not look for any protection at their hands; and therefore I would recommend all my readers to take example from the court, and at once abolish this troublesome and ridiculous custom, in which there is such a repeated sameness.

The French, who have more vivacity, carry off these trifles with more grace, and cry with sparkling eyes, while they rattle their glasses, *vive la bagatelle*. John Bull cannot do this; but John Bull will solemnly and dully sit down to his pipe and bowl with a fellow of the same serious liver, and get abominably drunk, without any conversation, and to the dull repetition of “here's to you!”

Therefore, as long as there is not any thing to recommend this stale and insipid custom, I recommend that it may be cried down by all parties.

My good friends in Ireland, I believe, may be more averse than the rest of the community, in parting with this ceremony, as it helps to make out their

their festivities ; for no English gentleman ought to sit at an Irish table without a chronological dictionary. I confess I have been puzzled to know the meaning of their toasts, for they rarely give you more for a guide than the day and the year of the event, believing, according to their own warm souls, that every body should know those days which proved an universal benefit to dear little Ireland. When I first dined in Ireland, I was charmed with the ease and condescension of the ladies ; and the brilliancy of their eyes, and the poignancy of their wit, inspired me with universal admiration. Their convivial sentiments were new, lively, and applicable, and gave a new zest to good claret ; but when they withdrew, I stared at the master of the house, who coolly rose from his seat, and locked the door with the most solemn and deliberate countenance I ever beheld. This manœuvre confounded me, till he resumed his chair, when I soon found the purport of fastening the door ; for in a vessel, or moving cellar, some dozens of wine were left within his reach. Now, to the pleasing, innocent sentiments of the ladies succeeded the most profligate and abandoned toasts, when all the company appeared to be emulous in excelling in the most meretricious and debauched sentiments. Obscenity was succeeded by politics and religion—disputes upon these topics produced quarrels—and a duel or two concluded this barbarous and most savage bacchanalian debauch.

Our most celebrated painters had certainly an eye towards these profligate orgies, when they drew those riotous scenes of Silenus, the Fawns and Sa-

tyrs—wherein the drunken crew are excellently depicted with the horns and hoofs of the most lewd and noxious brutes ; by which Titian always meant to satyrize man, who is a mere brute when drunk. What I mean by these observations is, to banish the stale custom of drinking common healths. I would not wish to banish the toast that celebrates a blooming wench, nor forget the hero, or the memorable event. These serve to stimulate to great and glorious actions, and they give a zest to the wine—which often without them would lose its flavour, and tire upon the palate :

It is the hero's name, and blooming lass,
That give new flavour to the circling glass.

There is yet another custom, which of all others tires the senses, and stupifies the fancy. This is the absurd parade of asking some pouting miss to sing, who will bear teasing for a full hour before she complies ; and then in a most wretched squall she disturbs your ears for an hour : for when once set off, she rattles away like the clack of a mill, while all the company are under the necessity of praising this screaming devil for the very torture she has given them.

Others again are plaguing some ass of a fellow for a song ; who begins braying in a most dissonant tone, without one requisite to please ; and if you don't keep renewing your solicitation for the continuance of his noise, he thinks himself very ill used.

There are a set of fellows in this town who have a few songs ready cut and dried, and are uneasy till they

they have shot them off upon the company. Primrose Billey is a lad of this kidney : he has no conversation ; so that all the entertainment which you can promise yourself in his company, is the songs that he gives you : these you must keep demanding, until he has twittered away all his stock.

Whenever a lady or a gentleman has a fine voice, it is sensible to ask them to sing, and it is good-natured when they comply ; but when the resolution is made of a company singing alternately, it is enough to confound one's senses, and make a philosopher vow, that he will never go into the society of men more.

Besides, I have ever made it an invariable observation, that these singing companies in general consist of impenetrable blockheads, who have not fancy, nor education, nor sense, to furnish out an evening's entertainment with any sensible conversation.

These sing-song companies consist of fops and fools ; and wherever such singing is introduced, it is sure to destroy all conversation ;—so that you are under the necessity of proceeding from ballad to ballad till your coach relieves you.

What ear, ye Sirens, can endure the pest
Of a man roaring like a storm at west !
Or who can bear, that hath an ear at all,
To hear some hoyden miss for ev'nings squall !
Give me, ye Gods, my cabbin free from care,
And jugging nightingales in darkling air.

THE TWO FOLLOWING LITTLE PIECES WERE
WRITTEN BY THE LATE DR. HAWKESWORTH
AND GIVEN BY HIM IN ORDER TO BE SET
MUSIC BY MR. STANLEY, THE COMPOSER.

O N F R E E D O M.

FREEDOM's charms alike engage,
Blooming youth and hoary age;
Time itself can ne'er destroy
Freedom's pure and lasting joy:
Love and friendship never gave
Half their blessings to the slave;
None are happy but the free,
Bliss is born of liberty.

O N F R I E N D S H I P.

FRIENDSHIP is the joy of reason,
Dearer yet than that of love;
Love but lasts a transient season,
Friendship makes the bliss above.

Who would lose the sacred pleasure
Felt, when soul with soul unites;
Other blessings have their measure,
Friendship without bound delights.

INSCRIPTION UPON THE MONUMENT OF MRS. PRITCHARD, WHICH WAS PUT UP LAST WEDNESDAY, AT THE EAST END OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY, NEXT TO SHAKESPEARE, AND OPPOSITE TO HANDEL'S MONUMENT.

THIS tablet is here placed by a voluntary subscription, of those who admired and esteemed her. She retired from the stage, of which she had long been the ornament, in the month of April, 1768, and died at Bath in the month of August following, in the 57th year of her age.

Her comic vein had ev'ry charm to please,
 'Twas nature's dictates breath'd with nature's ease.
 Even when her powers sustain'd the tragic load,
 Full, clear, and just, the harmonious accents flow'd ;
 And the big passions of her feeling heart
 Burst freely forth, and sham'd the mimic art.
 Oft, on the scene, with colours not her own,
 She painted vice, and taught us what to shun ;
 One virtuous track her real life pursu'd,
 That nobler part was uniformly good.
 Each duty there to such perfection wrought,
 That, if the precepts fail'd, th' example taught.

W. WHITEHEAD, P. L.

IN a tour I lately made into Bedfordshire, I was agreeably surprized with the following inscription, on a cross erecting to the memory of queen Catharine, wife of Henry the eighth, in the park of the right honourable the earl of Upper Ossory, at Aimp-

Amphill, on the spot where the house stood, to which she retired, after being divorced by the king. It is said to be written by Mr. Horace W——e.

In days of old 'ere Amphill towers were seen,
The mournful refuge of an injur'd queen :
Here flow'd her pure, but unavailing tears ;
Here blinded zeal sustain'd her sinking years :
Yet freedom hence her radiant banner wav'd,
And love aveng'd a realm by priests enslav'd ;
From Catharine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread
And Luther's light from Henry's lawless bed.

Johannes Comes de Upper Offory, Posuit. 1777

EPITAPH ON LEWIS XIII.

HERE lies that wretched favourite-ridden thing
Who, when alive, believ'd himself a king.

EPITAPH on the late LORD CHESTERFIELD.

HERE lies lord Chesterfield, the wit,
But of a great man, not a bit.

MOTTO TO THE SCOTCH STONE UNDER THE CO- RONATION CHAIR AT WESTMINSTER.

“ **N**I fallit fatum, Scoti, quorumq; locatum,
“ Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibi-
“ dem.”

In English thus :

which
It fate deceive not, where this stone is lain,
There shall the Scots extend their gothic reign.

Where every place about the throne,
The bench or sacred choir,
Are all monopoliz'd by one
To pay his slaves their hire :

pread
177
Can any serious doubt remain,
(Each place by Scotchmen held)
That in his creatures, and the Thane,
The prophecy's fulfill'd ?

I.
thing
ing.
SOME commentators have asserted, that there are
now women in heaven, because it is said in the Bible,
that "there is neither marrying, nor giving in mar-
riage." I have somewhere seen an epigram on this
subject, and to have been occasioned by a very smart
repartee of a lady to Dean Swift.

ELD.
Says Cælia to a rev'rend dean,
What reason can be giv'n,
Since marriages are made above,
That there are none in heav'n ?

E CO.
There are no women, he replied :
She quick return'd the jest ;
Women there are—but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest.

EPI-

E P I T A P H, &c.

To the memory of A——r W——, Esq;
 He was born in the city of Edinburgh
 In North Britain.

In order to gratify his lust for
 Wealth, power, and popularity,
 He pushed his fortune in the
 Metropolis of the British empire.
 His abilities and eloquence soon procured him
 A seat in the house of commons,
 Where he embraced the principles
 And followed the practices of a company
 Of state prostitutes,
 Finding the pleasure and emoluments
 Of this house unequal to the
 Sacrifice he had made of his virtue,
 He renounced their society, and
 (How condescending is real goodness !)
 He was received into the society of
 The friends of liberty and his country.
 But, alas ! the acclamations of millions
 Proclaiming his reformation,
 And the pleasures of accepted contrition,
 Were not able to protect him from a
 Second seduction.
 He was led on from one degree of venality to
 another,
 Until he was at last prevailed upon
 To commit murder upon the character.

Of an illustrious American patriot and philosopher,
And high treason against
Britain and her colonies.

Traveller,
While you tread heavily upon his dust,
Remember that the pangs of a
First fall from virtue
Are not to be compar'd with the anguish
Of a heart awakened to the guilt of a
Second defection.

Also, that great abilities and eloquence are
Not the marks of a favourite of heaven, or
They would not have been conferred upon
This unhappy culprit.

He was executed May 3, 1774.
In the city of Philadelphia in the presence of
Many thousand spectators.

He had no friends to lament his fate,
For "treachery would not trust him."

He had no enemies to forgive—
For he was below contempt.
Even the eye of pity (which sometimes
Drops at the expiation of murder)
Refused him this
Tribute of humanity.

C H L O E.

CHLOE's charms are so refin'd,
They can never be defin'd,
Gray may sing, or Reynolds paint,
Still the likeness will be faint;

Yet

Yet all hearts and eyes agree,
 (Hearts that feel, or eyes that see)
 Chloe on the whole surpasses
 All that's fair in other lasses.
 Where's this magic charm? You cry,
 Is it in her azure eye,
 Is it in her snowy breast,
 Ripe and tempting to be prest?
 Is it in the bed of roses,
 Which her dimply cheek composes,
 Is it?——I should strive in vain
 Such a riddle to explain,
 Others by some glaring charm
 Would our frozen bosoms warm,
 But in Chloe 'tis not one
 Strikes us singly and alone,
 Every charm has its twin-brother,
 Each so mingled with the other,
 Each to each its aid dispensing,
 Influenc'd and influencing,
 Chloe truly seems to be
 Beauty's own epitome.
 Beauty's essence, beauty's soul,
 Moves and animates the whole,
 Beauty to no part confin'd
 Better fancy'd than defin'd,
 Which excels not here or there,
 Yet methinks is ev'ry where.

T. H. I.

Ecc

ECCE ITERUM CRISPINUS.

SOME time ago I communicated to the public a method of reading the news papers cross-ways ; (See the New Foundling Hospital for Wit) and at the same time gave a specimen of the effects of this new way of reading.

The favourable reception which that little piece met with, has induced me to offer a second part. If it should be remarked that many of the following cross-readings appear to be political, I hope the good natured public will not impute it to me, but to the circumstances of the times.—The politics of late have resembled the weather ; the similarity between the political and the natural atmosphere is extremely striking ; we have experienced a great deal of foul weather in both. Party writings have long poured upon us, without intermission ; every day the torrent gains new strength ; all essays to stop it, or to confine it within proper limits, are in vain ; the inundation spreads ; the news-papers are covered with it ; and we are threatened (mercy on us !) with a political deluge. 'Tis true indeed that we occasionally meet with a few letters of morality, or of humour ;

Apparent rari nantes in Gurgite vasto.

I. They shine awhile on the surface, but soon are borne down with the tide, and are lost in the gulph of party.

VOL. II.

E

It

Ecce

It was impossible for me, in wading across this flood of politics, not to imbibe the complection of the stream ; and if there seems to be any personalities in the following cross-lines, (to speak without metaphor) it would be equally unjust to find fault with me, as with the compositor who set the types, and placed the lines of one column exactly opposite to those of another.—This is no business of mine ; 'tis the work of the journeyman printer ; he is the master of ceremonies in this kind of Contre-dance, who fixes your rank, and chooses your partner ; and in doing this, as he is only assisted by blind chance, and couples you together at random, what a motley dance must it produce ! being composed of persons whose humours and characters are as opposite as fire and water, oil and vinegar ! made up indiscriminately of all ages and sexes, all ranks and professions, high and low, rich and poor, civil and military, church and state, court and city.

Such a hodge-podge, or mess-medley, is a London news-paper ! a political mixture of heterogeneous ingredients, and discordant combinations, where we daily meet with certain intelligence—totally destitute of foundation ; authentic advices—political lies ; where we are told that our disputes with Spain are on the point of being amicably settled—and that a war is inevitable ; where we are assured, that we have upwards of thirty sail of the line ready for service—and that we have not so many as twelve where our naval force is said to be equal to the combined fleets of all Europe—and yet not a match for any one branch of the house of Bourbon ; where

are represented at the same instant as poor and distressed—rich and flourishing; perfectly secure in our liberties and properties—yet groaning under the weight of slavery and oppression; where the self-same person is represented as being both dead and alive; in a deep decline—and in perfect health; where one and the same character is deified and be-devil'd; where a minister is treated with the most bitter invective, and the most fulsome panegyric; whilst Junius japans him on the one side, and Modestus white-washes him on t'other, he marches along, like the man in the masquerade, a walking picture in Chiaro Oscuro.

Now I will submit it to any number of politicians within the bills of mortality, whether the above portrait of a news-paper is a true likeness, or a caricature; and in order to assist their determinations upon this important point, I recommend the following extracts to their most serious consideration.

PAPYRIUS CURSOR.

The comet is now on it's return to the sun—
 Pursuant to a decree of the high court of chancery.
 At the meeting at Newcastle, Sir F. B. D. was in
 the chair—
 And appeared like a dull, faint nebulous star.
 We hear that a divorce will speedily take place—
 A new recipe for the distemper among the horned
 cattle.

Yesterday there were violent disputes in the common-council—

For some time past the volcano has been extremely turbulent.

Lord Huntingdon has resigned his place of groom of the stole—

The reason of his committing this rash action is not known.

We learn from Berlin, that his majesty—

Was convicted of debasing the current coin.

Sir Jeffery Amherst is certainly to have a British peerage—

For which he went out grand compounder :

Now in Rehearsal the distressed mother, a tragedy —
Occasioned by the undutiful behaviour of the Colonies.

At the same theatre, Venice preserv'd, or a plot discovered—

By that eminent patriot Dr. Musgrave, of Plymouth

Notwithstanding the present exorbitant price of candles—

Some dark transactions will soon be brought to light

There is a general combination of the ladies of Boston—

To encourage none but their own commodities.

A certain great assembly will meet the 13th—

After which will be presented, the devil to pay.

Yesterday ended the races at Newmarket—

At which several of the great officers of state assisted

Last night there was a meeting of the female coterie—

And five of the most hardened committed to bridewell

Yesterday

Yesterday 'twas observed that a number of dogs—
 Appeared in the collars of their respective orders.

Last night a large ship broke from her moorings—
 ††† N. B. This is not the first time of her eloping.

She received considerable damage in her hull—
 Therefore I will pay no debts of her contracting.

Country dances taught, with the true method of
 footing—

Particularly addressed to the dealers in hops.

Money, to any amount, always ready—

††† No family ought to be without it.

A large assortment of rich cardinals and capuchins—
 Renounced the errors at St. Martin's church.

To the curious in liquid Blacking—

Junius in our next.

Yesterday a patriotic motion was made in a great
 assembly—

It burnt very fiercely, but did not damage the house
 adjoining.

'Tis reported that Jamaica is taken by a Spanish fleet--
 And carried into the Havanna.

The Spaniards have sunk one of our frigates in the
 Mediterranean—

This day was published, the false alarm.

Since a late arrangement, it is said the opposition—
 In a deep decline, without hopes of recovery.

On wednesday evening died, after eating a hearty
 supper—

Eminent common councilman for the ward of Port-
 soaken.

He was buried in the same vault with his spouse—
At present below par; but it is thought they will be
up again.

Is any one costive, or troubled with wind?—

It is confidently reported, at the other end

Prodigious crowds resort to the new chapel—

They will hear something greatly to their advantage.

Whereas several reports, tending to blacken—

Maliciously insinuating that I had been white washed.

Lost, or mislaid by accident

The reputation of a lady at the west-end

That famous horse Othello, alias Black and all Black—

To be one of her ladyship's domestic chaplains.

“ Serious thoughts on the decrease of population.”—

First serious man, signior Tenducci.

A young woman, genteelly educated, is willing—

A captain on the Irish establishment would be glad to

Last night a violent quarrel arose—

At a general meeting of the amicable society.

There was a terrible riot, and some blood spilt—

Far exceeding our most sanguine expectations.

We are credibly informed, that Mr. Wilkes.—

Has been pleased to issue a conge d'elire

And at the same time a letter recommending—

Your most devoted humble servant Richard Oliver.

In these times of scurrility and abuse—

To be alderman of the ward of Billingsgate.

To-morrow will be opened the exhibition of picture--

Having met with the greatest success on our canvas

During the poll there was the greatest appearance
of candour—

Owing to a considerable fall of snow the preceding
night.

Yesterday being the birth-day of John Wilkes, Esq;

The damage done thereby is said to be considerable.

A number of loose and disorderly persons assembled---

Zealous friends to our most excellent constitution.

The friends of freedom are determined to persevere—

In open defiance of all legal authority.

To oppose a corrupt and despotic administration---

In order to introduce anarchy and confusion.

Amongst the mob, there was a great number of foot-
men---

A precept having been issued for summoning the Li-
very.

Whereas several persons have obtained money under
false pretences---

By order of the society, R. M. Sec.

The friends of freedom are resolved to assist Mr.
Wilkes---

“ A new way to pay old debts.”——

On Tuesday, at a common hall, a remonstrance
was voted---

Never were inflammatory disorders so frequent.

The following is said to be the subject of the remonstrance---

‘ By G——d wee will set your house on fierr,
“ you refeuse.”

We beseech you, Sire, to comply with our most
just request---

“ Wee have all swor too it, and damn our bludd
“ if wee doant.”

Last night a desperate gang broke into a house in
Pall-Mall---

And they all had the honour to kiss his majesty’s
hand.

Wednesday at two o’clock, the remonstrance was
presented---

It happily mis’d fire, and the rogues escaped.

Yesterday lord Chatham was present in a great as-
sembly---

And publicly read his recantation.

The French language is carefully taught by---
Jesuits flocking hither from all parts.

’Tis said that lord Sh——e, is not to have any
office---

The persecution of that unhappy society still con-
tinuing.

The surplus of the sinking fund is now higher than
ever---

A remarkable instance of the decay of our trade and
manufactures.

Three pair of his majesty's breeches were pawn'd---
But there will be no new loan this year.

Lord Bute is expected to return about Christmas---
After which will be presented, a peep behind the
curtain.

There is a fresh talk of a change in those at the helm--

* The master to be spoke with on the Scotch walk.

And we hear that several eminent patriots---

Beware of such, for they are counterfeits.

TO MISS WOFFINGTON.

IF when the breast is rent with pain,
It be no crime the nymph should know it,
Oh Woffington accept the strain,
Pity, tho' you'll not cure the poet.

Should you reject my ardent prayer,
Yet send not back the amorous paper;
My pangs may help to curl thy hair,
My passion fringe the glowing taper.

No more the Theatre I seek,
But when I'm promis'd there to find you,
All Horton's merits now grow weak,
And Clive remains far, far behind you.

'Tis thus the polish'd pebble plays,
And gains awhile some vulgar praises;
But soon withdraws its feeble rays,
When the superior diamond blazes.

Who

Who sees you shine in Wildair's part,
 But sudden feels his bosom panting,
 Thy very sex receive the dart,
 And almost think there's nothing wanting.

E P I G R A M.

TURN'D out of Honiton,
 Not in for any town,
 Wilkited,
 Bull-baited,
 Of 500 l. cheated,
 Alas
 Poor Brads,
 What an ass!

T H E

GARDENER'S CONGRESS

O N

COLLEY CIBBER'S BEING APPOINTED
 POET LAUREAT.

IN the isle of Great Britain a laurel once grew,
 Whose rich fruits to the fav'rite of Phœbus
 were due;
 But so wither'd of late were it's chaplets all grown
 None would claim the poor meed, tho' conferr'd
 the throne.

To restore its lost honors a summons went forth,
And convened there for once all the gardeners of
worth,

Pope first was proposed for this grand reformation,
And the tree had no doubt soon ennobled the nation ;
But better in ashes fanatics all thought her,
Than reviv'd by the use of the bard's *holy water*.

In vain Dryden's shade was subpoena'd to swear
Holy water well suited our climate and air,
'Twas averred such rank culture the laurel would
spoil,

Since the Hanover compost had altered the soil.
Next miscarried Dan. Young, ye slaves of dull
fashion,

To your scorn thus we owe his *revenge* and his *pas-*
sion.

For exotics new pruned, and for weeds of quick
growth.

There were some who thought Fielding superior to
both.

But 'twas asked what ripe fruit from a gard'ner can
come,

Whose forwardest shoot ne'er exceeded his *thumb*.

NT Hervey came next with his brother the Vice,
And the bench they subdu'd to their side in a trice ;

Nor had fail'd of success—but 'twas publickly known,
For their culture they'd laurel enough of their own.

Swift, Tickell, and Phillips, and many more such,
Who labour'd too little, or labour'd too much,

were forbid without trial to take such a journey,

to shew wit so dangerous out of Ierne.

Nor

Nor could Gay, the coy minstrel of nature and art
 Tho' by Queensbro' led in, move the chamberlain
 heart ;

Whoe'er meanly hopes in the household to settle,
 No, not e'en on a dunghill must raise a *court nettle*
 When the board still was wav'ring, to all men
 surprize,

Colley Cibber the playwright demanded the prize
 I alone, quoth the clown, I alone can engage,
 To preserve the sick laurel from frost, blight, and
 age,

None here would deny me their suffrage, I'm sure
 If I was but allow'd to produce my manure ;
 Then away to the play-house a summons he sent,
 To procure a cart load of his own excrement.
 The farrago consisted of flattery and lies,
 Dedications, more truly lampoons in disguise ;
 And all the stage jests which he never would fail
 To feast on at home, or abroad to retail :
 But the court long egregiously led by the nose,
 His ordure preferr'd to the sweets of the rose ;
 And the bard did that day o'er his rivals prevail,
 Less by strength of his head, than by stench of
 tail.

• Beggar's Opera.

THE VOICE OF TRUTH.

A N O D E.

I.

T WAS on the bank of that fair tide,
 Whose gentle waves meand'ring glide,
 Where Richmond lifts her brow,
 Sublimely tow'ring to the sky,
 And views around, with raptur'd eye,
 The beauteous scenes below :

II.

There, in an humble bower reclin'd,
 Alone, neglected by mankind,
 A lovely virgin lay :
 Her voice was sweet, her brow serene,
 Mild, yet majestic was her mien,
 Her eyes out-shone the day.

III.

Raising at length her languid head,
 Thus, leaning on her arm, she said —
 ' O weak, deluded man !
 ' Why hast thou banish'd from thy side
 ' A friend sincere, a faithful guide.
 For harlots loose and vain ?

IV. ' Have

IV.

- ‘ Have I no beauties to admire,
- ‘ No power to raise one fair desire,
- ‘ To warm the breast of youth ?
- ‘ Look, look upon those harlots gay,
- ‘ Who lure thy heart, thy soul betray,
- ‘ Have they the charms of TRUTH ?

V.

- ‘ That * minstrel bland, with voice so soft,
- ‘ Who smiles, and fawns, and lies so oft,
- ‘ To sooth thy vain conceit :
- ‘ Hath she, O pity ! she the art,
- ‘ To gain thy ear, and win thy heart ?
- ‘ For shame, discard the cheat !

VI.

- † Her too, who, bold in borrow’d guise,
- ‘ With blear illusion mocks thine eyes,
- ‘ With error clouds thy mind ;
- ‘ Who right for wrong, and wrong for right,
- ‘ Imposes on thy darken’d sight —
- ‘ Poor idiot, weak and blind !

VII.

- ‘ These, these, deluded man, are they,
- ‘ Who steal thee from thyself away,
- ‘ And in fair Reason’s place,
- ‘ A changling leave, absurd and proud,
- ‘ Assuming, ignorant, and loud,
- ‘ Humanity’s disgrace.’

* FLATTERY.

† FALSHOOD.

TO MY MOTHER, WITH HER WED-
DING RING,

BY MY FATHER.

WITHIN the circle of this magic ring
My lovely Molly's heart,
A jewel worth the purchase of a king,
Is held by holy art.

By the same art my fond and faithful maid,
Thou shalt my soul confine,
For duty now shall inclination aid,
To make me ever thine.

EXTEMPORE APOLOGY TO MRS. CLARE BYRNE,
FOR A MISTAKE AT WHIST, WHICH LOST THE
GAME.

AH! dear Clarinda we're undone,
'Twas you who did the harm,
I lost a game I might have won,
But why did you so charm?

A crown I lost to gaze on you,
Who'd not have done the same?
Your charms to me are ever new,
Say, was I much to blame?

T H E

T H E
C O L O N Y O F B E A S T S
A N
A L L E G O R I C A L P O E M.

T I S said of monkeys that their race can talk,
When far remov'd from man's destructive
walk ;

Can chat of weather, politics, virtù,
As well as some who pass for men can do :
But wisely hide those pow'rs, that might conduce,
To fit them for our av'rice, or our use.
'Tis true alike of all the bestial race,
They talk'd with man 'till man was in disgrace,
But when corruption grew and falshood spread,
When other things were meant than what were said,
As all who talk'd at all must learn to lie,
Some brutes from virtue laid their language by.
And those whose vices were to man's allied,
Who teem'd with fraud, injustice, av'rice, pride,
Piqued in these fav'rite arts to be o'ercome,
Or prompted by their interests soon grew dumb.
There yet are isles beyond the southern main,
Where free-born brutes their ancient rights retain,
Whom none pursue for sport, or massacre for gain,
Uncurs'd by tenants from the wand'ring ark,
Nor plunder'd yet by any later bark.

Ne'e
Vo

Ne'er shall the muse betray the happy land
 To fix a monarch's standard on the sand.
 She seeks no wealth to feed a vain expence,
 So brings no treasure but instruction thence. 25
 Of many isles by brutes alone possess'd,
 One isle there is distinguish'd from the rest :
 More strong than others, and of ampler sway,
 If not more wise, more fortunate than they.
 Its beasts are brave, and not averse to toil, 30
 Fame crowns their wars, and plenty loads their soil.
 Well balanc'd laws its civil state protect :
 The beast of prey from savage rage is check'd.
 The low mechanic herd with horns and hoofs
 Find peace and safety in their private roofs. 35
 The royal lion's self restrains his claws,
 And boasts no right divine to break the laws.
 This system, by no single wisdom fram'd,
 From bloody struggles rose, and schemes at random
 aim'd.
 But, thanks to fortune, tho' their guides were blind,
 Their crooked paths at length in freedom join'd. 41
 So the crude juice, its fermentations past,
 Sinks to a rich and gen'rous wine at last.
 In times remote, amid' surrounding foes,
 Beneath a female sway, their glory rose. 45
 A prudent lioness without a mate,
 Redeem'd from danger th' distracted state,
 He heal'd, as care and wisdom best can heal,
 The wounds that rankled in the common weal, }
 Wounds that the bigot tygress made it feel. 50 }
 Nor less in war than peaceful arts renown'd,
 Ne'er saw her beasts with wond'rous conquest crown'd,
 VOL. II. F When

When mad with baffled schemes and vows refus'd,
 The haughty tyger all his terrors us'd.
 While thus in strength and fame her subjects grew, 55
 Fate op'd new scenes of splendor to their view,
 New realms discover'd by some wand'ring brute,
 Tho' barren yet, gave hopes of future fruit,
 Nor vainly promis'd, for succeeding reigns
 Have seen the soil repay the tiller's pains. 60
 Yet tho' to give the new-born empire fame,
 The virgin monarch seal'd it with her name;
 The beasts were slow to move, few car'd to roam,
 To dubious prospects, from a certain home.
 Some firm advantage must their minds allure— 65
 For hope is weak, possession is secure.
 The lioness beset by hostile claws,
 Had little leisure to support the cause.
 The lion who the regal sceptre held,
 At her decease, when ev'ry storm was quell'd,
 (A lion weak, pedantic, and despis'd,
 Inspir'd perhaps in this, or well advis'd,)
 Resolv'd to plant in this neglected land,
 The seeds of future wealth and high command.
 For this, entron'd beneath an aged oak,
 He call'd the subject brutes around, and spoke.

Ye beasts of rank, whom heav'n for honour made
 Form'd to attack, defend, and be obey'd :
 Skill in each weightier exigence to serve,
 To guide by counsels, or by fight preserve ;
 And ye, whose honest toils our wealth support,
 Who feed the splendors of our royal court ;
 On whom, as justice bids, the state relies,
 In peace and war, for all requir'd supplies.

Is there in all your tribes who does not aim, 85
 By all just arts, to raise his country's fame?
 Are we not anxious to our sons to leave
 More rich possessions than ourselves receive?
 The spotted leopard, tho' superbly drefs'd,
 Hopes that his son may wear a prouder vest. 90
 Nor do I blush the patriot wish to own,
 I wish, to leave my heirs a greater throne.
 Why sleep we then supine, and miss the hour,
 When all our wishes lie within our pow'r?
 Those spacious realms beyond the western lake, 95
 If we neglect, some wiser state may take.
 The hostile tyger still at watch for more,
 May seize on this as on the southern shore,
 And when the prey is lost, 'tis vain for me to roar. }
 Haste then, my friends, assume the gen'rous toil, 100
 Plant wealth and empire in the virgin soil.
 Thro' shores remote your country's laws extend,
 And freedom shall the growing state defend.
 Warm'd by the influence of this parent isle,
 New scenes shall rise, the pathless desert smile; 105
 And your cub's cubs, 'till time itself shall cease,
 Will bless the care that caus'd the rich increase.
 Sincerely zealous in the public cause,
 I cramp your toil by no rapacious laws.
 Expert indulgence and defence from me, 110
 And to be great and fortunate——*be free*.
 This only I demand——whatever aid
 The new-born state require, of arms or trade,
 Roam not abroad for treasures or for force,
 But draw your succours from this single source. 115

And as successful cares shall wealth impart,
 Direct your commerce to no foreign mart ;
 But, as ye ought, your parent state revere,
 And turn the stream of your abundance here.
 Nor let the waves of yon dividing lake
 The filial ties of just affection break,
 On one foundation may your interests stand,
 And curs'd be he who first dissolves the band."

He ceas'd ; his words inspir'd the motley crew,
 And scenes of future greatness struck their view. 120
 Soon various emigrants their names enroll'd :
 But most the beasts of strong laborious mold.
 The merchant camel, the industrious steed,
 The farming steer, the beaver's builder breed. 125
 Few beasts of rank (which men call beasts of prey
 Forsook their ancient homes except for sway.
 But when dissensions vex'd the parent realm,
 When persecution rose, and faction seiz'd the helm
 The peaceful herd who shunn'd the bloody strife,
 Found in th' adopted lands a safer life. 130
 And numbers swam the lake, of each degree,
 To hold their conscience or religion free.

Thus nurs'd, and thus supply'd the younger state
 Made swift advances to be rich and great :
 Yet ever with observant rev'rence view'd, 140
 Their kind protectors of the elder brood.
 Pleas'd to obey, while such obedience shew'd,
 Their grateful hearts acknowledg'd what they
 ow'd,

Nor was obedience yet a painful load.
 They ne'er in vain for just supplies were call'd, 145
 The yoke was easy and their necks ungall'd.

Thro

Thro' rolling years their mutual bliss endur'd,
 Ere tumults rose, and clouds their days obscur'd.
 But whether 'tis by fate eternal fix'd, 149
 That none on earth shall taste their good unmix'd ;
 Or envious demons hidden mischief work'd ;
 Or in the state some dark corruption lurk'd ;
 The cautious muse reveals not, if she knows :
 'Tis sure strange fears and jealousies arose,
 Ill-omen'd visions, auguries perplex'd, 155
 Alarm'd the elder state, the younger vex'd.
 None from the mad infection were exempt.
 Of alien children these perversely dream't,
 And call'd the harmless and obedient breed,
 A remnant of the wolf's rebellious seed. 160
 While these in fancy's airy dreams foresee,
 Oppressive rule, and dying liberty.
 But ah ! how oft' from leeches want of skill,
 A fancied pain becomes a real ill :
 Med'cines ill-us'd to certain poisons run, 165
 And make diseases where they meet with none.
 The healthful states, of strong and vig'rous look,
 Began to sicken with the drugs they took ;
 And all the pangs their hypish fears foretold,
 Upon their vitals fix'd a deadly hold. 170
 The lion of a mild domestie kind,
 To hireling beasts the cares of rule consign'd.
 Trusted the first corrupters to reform,
 And bid them calm the waves who rais'd the storm.
 Hence gaunt confusion rove destruction wak'd, 175
 The fabric that had stood for ages quak'd.
 The beasts on either side forgot their laws,
 And stretch'd for combat their destroying claws.

The bull his horns, the boar his tusks prepar'd,
All felt the fury, all the danger shar'd. 180

The wily fox could scarce conceal his joy,
The tyger roar'd impatient to destroy,
But both awhile their savage vengeance check'd,
Resolv'd the issue of the fight t'expect.

When either army worn with wounds and toil, 185
Might give the ambush'd foe an easy spoil.

Such were their hopes, but this may heav'n prevent!

The hapless states are lost if heav'n consent :

It cannot,—will not,—for th' enquiring muse,

Who sees thro' time, and unborn actions views, 190

Thus to their hosts unfolds the will of fate,

While hush'd in dreadful pause, th'embattled legions
wait.

“ O blind to prudence, to affection lost,

By ev'ry wild and peevish passion tost,

Think while 'tis lawful, e'er these bands engage, 195

What certain ruin waits unnat'ral rage.

Reflect ye younger ! Ye determin'd throng !

Howe'er provok'd a parent did the wrong.

And surely some indulgence still is due,

Where you your riches,—your being drew. 200

To those whose gen'rous love bestow'd the force,

Which now revolting tries t' o'erwhelm its source

But vainly does your young ambition hope,

In equal war with strength approv'd to cope.

The blow that's rais'd must crush you if it fall, 205

More must be giv'n, ere you can seize on all.

Yet rather die than meanly stoop, or cow'r

With abject fear, to lick the feet of pow'r,

But tread with caution, nor o'er leap the fence
Where ceases right, and treason's walks commence.

Ye elder, stronger! whose superior place 211
Must raise your fame, or double your disgrace,
O let your minds with close attention weigh,
The vast importance of this doubtful day.

And if the pow'r to punish rests in you, 215
Oh! first be sure that punishment is due.

Ask your own hearts ere ye proceed to act,
Has ought been done your justice would retract?
Has ought from pride or passion been decreed?
Or ought unworthy your own free-born bread? 220

Have you infring'd the rights your fathers gave,
And, not content to govern, sought t'enlave?
Have you requir'd what you yourselves would spurn?
These—these are matters you are bound to learn.

For know by fate's unchangeable behests, 225
On these few points your future fortune rests.

If ye are right, retreat not—but be mild,
'Tis more than parent's right to slay the child.

But if the least of fraud or av'rice lurks,
In all the secret tenor of your works, 230

Blush not the errors you repent to own,
'Tis shameful to persist in guilt when known,
Think e'er too late, for heav'n your hearts has
read,

Points its just thunders at each guilty head,
And wake its hottest wrath, for blood unjustly
shed." 235

T H E
W I F E A N D T H E N U R S E :

A
B A L L A D.

WRITTEN IN 1743.

I.

V I C E once with V I R T U E did engage,
To win Jove's conqu'ring Son ;
So, for th' Alcides of our age,
As strange a fray begun.

II.

His Wife and ancient Nurse between,
Arose this wond'rous strife ;
The froward hag, his heart to win,
Contended with his wife.

III.

His wife, an island-nymph most fair,
Bore plenty in her hand ;
A crown adorns her regal hair,
Her graces love command.

IV.

With modest dignity she stood ;
Fast down her lovely face,
A stream of swelling sorrow flow'd,
A righteous cause to grace.

V. The

V.

The tatter'd Nurse, of aspect grum,
Look'd prouder still than poor,
E: With lofty airs inspir'd by—mum—
The queen of Beggars, sure ;

VI.

Mud was her dwelling, lean her plight,
Her life on heaths she led ;
With wreaths of turnip-tops bedight ;
Her eyes were dull as lead.

VII.

Yet thus the caitif, proud and poor,
Our hero-judge address'd,
" Thy fondness all to me assure,
" To me, who loves thee best,

VIII.

" I am thy aged Nurse, so kind,
" Who ne'er did cross thy will ;
" Thy wife to all thy charms is blind,
" Perverse and thwarting still.

IX.

" Give me her cloaths, (continued she)
" With thy assistance soon,
" Her costly robe may shine on me,
" On her my rags be thrown.

X. " Seize

X.

“ Seize on her store of boasted gold,
 “ Which she with jealous fear
 “ From thee still grudging wou’d with-hold,
 “ And trust it to my care.”

XI.

This caught the judge’s partial ear.
 The lady of the isle
 Spake next. “ Thyself at least revere,
 “ And spurn this caitif vile.

XII.

“ With thine my Int’rst is the same,
 “ For thee my sailors toil;
 “ They for thy safety, pow’r, and fame,
 “ Enrich my spacious isle.

XIII.

“ Think too upon thy solemn vow,
 “ When thou didst plight thy love,
 “ Thou cam’st to save me; wilt thou now
 “ Thyself my ruin prove?

XIV.

“ How was I courted, how ador’d!
 “ More happy as thy bride;
 “ For thee my safeguard, love and lord,
 “ I slighted all beside.

XV. “

XV.

“ Do thou still act a guardian’s part,
 “ Nor be thy love estrang’d ;
 “ Treat me but kindly, and my heart
 “ Shall e’er remain unchang’d.

XVI.

“ By thee abandon’d, must I bend
 “ Beneath thy Nurse’s scorn ?
 “ No ; live with me thyself, and send
 “ To her thy youngest born.

XVII.

“ Let not her mud-built walls thy stay
 “ Before my tow’rs invite ;
 “ Do not, beyond my verdure gay,
 “ In her brown heaths delight.

XVIII.

“ Do not her dingy streams prefer
 “ To all my rivers clear ;
 “ Good heavens ! looks poverty in her
 “ Than wealth in me more fair ?”

XIX.

The judge here lets his fury out,
 Unable to contain ;
 He crowns, he rolls his eyes about ;
 And to his wife began :

XX. “ If

XX.

“ If she be poor, I’ll make her rich ;
 “ Thy treasure she shall hold :
 “ Thou art a low, mechanick b——ch,
 “ Besides a cursed scold.

XXI.

“ My nurse is of imperial race,
 “ By trade was never stain’d :
 “ What thou dost boast of is disgrace :
 “ Nurse, thou thy cause hast gain’d.”

XXII.

Polite and candid, thus the judge :
 His creatures watch his call,
 To raise (alas !) this dirty drudge
 On his fair Consort’s fall,

XXIII.

Who first obeys th’unjust decree,
 Regardless of his fame,
 To spoil and rob with cruel glee
 That lovely island-dame ?

XXIV.

Hard by a ready wight, behold !
 Aspiring, rash, and wild ;
 Of parts too keen to be controll’d
 By wisdom’s dictates mild.

XXV. Still

XXV.

Still from the midnight-goblet hot,
He fires his turgid brain,
With jarring schemes, from wine begot,
To ravage land and main.

XXVI.

With these wild embryo's, shapeless all,
Without head, tail, or limb,
He lures his master to his call,
While both in fancy swim.

XXVII.

He now receives th' absurd command
This beauteous queen to spoil :
Ah! deed unseemly for his hand,
A native of her isle.

XXVIII.

He runs and strips her gracious brows
Of her imperial crown
To dress the hag, who quickly throws
Her turnip-garland down.

XXIX.

Yet smiling greets the queen, and swears
He only means her good,
That exigencies of affairs
May want her heart's best blood.

XXX. Thus

XXX.

Thus spoil'd, she sinks with sorrow faint
 Before th' insulting hag,
 And, lest she publish her complaint,
 Is menac'd with a gag.

XXXI.

There lying, of her cloaths she's stript,
 Her money too, we're told,
 Into the judge's hand was slipt,
 Ah ! shameful thirst of gold !

XXXII.

Against Apollo Midas old
 Gave judgment ; did he worse,
 Than one who to his wife, for gold,
 Cou'd thus prefer his Nurse ?

XXXIII.

Ah ! yet recall her cruel fate,
 Mistaken judge, thy friend
 Here warns thee ; dangers soon or late
 On avarice attend.

XXXIV.

In thy Wife's ruin yet behold,
 Thou dost thyself destroy ;
 Then cease to barter love for gold,
 Which thou canst ne'er enjoy.

ODE TO HEALTH,

INSCRIBED TO

MISS ———, SINCE MRS. ———

SOUTHAMPTON, JULY 1765.

Altera cura recens.

AMONGST the daughters of great Jove,
 O fairest ! and best pow'r above !
 Calmy and blessed health, if e'er
 Thou deign'st to hear my constant pray'r,
 That at thy altars I have paid
 Continual homage, or have said
 That without thee, the fame is cold,
 Of greater deeds in story told,
 All honours and the secret sweets
 Of Venus, snatch'd in dark retreats !
 Riches and pow'r, and if there be
 Other delights than these, that we
 Employ our groveling cares to gain,
 Unblest'd by thee come but in vain.
 If every pleasure left behind,
 That flatter'd once my giddy mind.
 To the wild mountains purer air
 Fled, in hopes to find thee there.
 Or in the fruitless search of thee,
 Tempted the dangers of the sea.

O goddess

O goddess hear my earnest vow,
 Now for myself I woo thee now,
 Though long alas ! too long thou'st fled,
 A stranger to my youthful bed.
 But if I never taste thee more,
 Necera to her bloom restore !
 See in her face the roses fade,
 For want of thy all-healing aid,
 And every beauty there in vain,
 While thou art absent from the train !
 Nor is't enough for thee to save,
 Such charms, from the accursed grave ;
 Or that thy hand should but release
 From washing pains and long disease,
 Sweet health, thy choicest blessings shed
 Upon her dear, her precious head.
 Do thou thy genial pow'rs bestow,
 Quicken the lazy streams that flow.
 Though her cold veins, and kindly guide,
 With watchful care the swelling tide,
 Those limbs which all the graces form,
 Do thou with life and vigour warm.
 The laughing loves and gay desires,
 Shall raise their half extinguish'd fires,
 And Hymen, swell'd with joy and pride,
 Lead to his bed the blooming bride.
 While I retir'd to some lone spot,
 All vainer hopes and thoughts forgot.
 In such as these unstudied lays,
 Implore thy gifts and sing thy praise.

THE FOLLOWING IS THE SINGULAR WILL OF MR.
WILLIAM HICKINGTON, WHOSE DEATH WAS
LATELY MENTIONED IN THE YORK COURANT,
AND WHICH HAS BEEN PROVED IN THE DEAN-
RY COURT.

THIS is my last will,
I insist on it still,
So sneer on and welcome,
And ev'n laugh your fill.

I William Hickington,
Poet, of Pocklington,
Do give and bequeathe,
As free as I breathe,
To thee Mary Jaram,
The queen of my Haram,
My cash and cattle,
With every chattle,
To have and to hold,
Come heat or come cold,
Sans hind'rance or strife,
(Tho' thour't not my wife)
As witness my hand,
Just here as I stand,
This twelfth of July,
In the year seventy.

W. HICKINGTON.

Signed in the presence of

The

LINES WRITTEN IN A SEAT IN THE GARDEN OF
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, AT
CHATSWORTH.

IN Chatsworth's groves and vales I've seen
Cordelia's graces shine,
Whose beauteous form and gentle mein
Proclaim her soul divine.

Each fir-crown'd hill, yon lofty tower,
And ev'ry warbler's lay,
Lent pleasure to the transient hour,
While here she deign'd to stay.

But here no more shall pleasure reign,
No more the scenes delight :
Her absence makes this once lov'd plain
A desert to my sight.

If o'er the verdant mead I stray,
Or court the silent shade,
To grief and hopeless love a prey,
I mourn the absent maid.

In vain the shrubs perfume the gale ;
No sweets my soul can cheer ;
In vain the flow'rets paint the vale ;
Cordelia is not near.

Yet, O ! may pleasure's smiling band
Attend her happy hours !
And Hebe strew, with lib'ral hand,
Her ev'ry path with flowers.

VERSE

VERSES BY POPE.

NOT IN HIS WORKS.

TO MR. C. ST. JAMES'S PLACE.

LONDON, OCTOBER 22.

F E W words are best ; I wish you well ;
 Bethel, I'm told, will soon be here :
 Some morning-walks along the Mall,
 And evening-friends will end the year.

f, in this interval, between
 The falling leaf and coming frost,
 You please to see, on Twit'nam green,
 Your friend, your poet, and your host.

For three whole days you here may rest
 From office, business, news, and strife :
 And (what most folks would think a jest)
 Want nothing else, except your wife.

THE following is given as a real anecdote of
 the late Alexander Pope, Esq;—"An ac-
 quaintance of Mr. Pope's having lost a daughter,
 named Lætitia, was very desirous for Mr. Pope to
 oblige him with an epitaph, which Mr. Pope de-
 clined ;

clined ; but, upon repeated importunities, spoke
these lines extempore :

“ Goodman Death,
“ To please his palate,
“ Has cropt your Lettice
“ For a sallet.”

S O N G.

S E E Nerissa, the young and the fair,
Far away from her Corylas flies,
Though the zephyrs float soft on the air,
And mild seasons illumine the skies.

To the haunts of the great ones she strays ;
She despises our meads and our flow'rs ;
She will listen no more to our lays ;
She has left the sweet shade of our bow'rs.

Yet at eve have the nymphs of the plains
Oft join'd our gay dances among,
And the dryads, in murmuring strains,
Through the woodlands have echo'd our song

Ev'n Pan must have own'd that our verse
Had exceeded the chief of the grove ;
Ev'n with Pan might we dare to rehearse,
When the theme was Nerissa and Love.

But alas ! till the fair one return,
No soft music shall glad the dull scene ;
The nymphs and the dryads shall mourn,
For their goddess has quitted the green.

spoke But sad Corylas chief shall complain,
 By the lark, by the thrush on the spray,
 Shall invoke the dear goddess again,
 Whose presence enlivens the May.

THE UNDERWRITTEN LINES ARE COPIED FROM
 THE ORIGINAL WILL OF THE LATE NATHAN-
 IEL LLOYD, ESQ. WHO DIED LATELY AT HIS
 SEAT AT TWICKENHAM.

rs. **W**HAT I am going to bequeath,
 When this frail part submits to death ;
 But still I hope the spark divine,
 With its congenial stars shall shine :
 My good executors fulfil,
 I pray ye, fairly my last will,
 With first and second codicil :
 And first I give to dear lord Hinton,
 At Twyford school now, not at Winton,
 One hundred guineas for a ring,
 Or some such memorandum thing ;
 song And truly much I should have blund' red,
 Had I not given another hundred
 To Vere, earl Poulett's second son,
 Who dearly loves a little fun.
 Unto my nephew Robert Longdon,
 Of whom none says he e'er has wrong done,
 Tho' civil law he loves to hash,
 I give two hundred pounds in cash.

One hundred pounds to my niece Tuder,
 (With loving eyes one Matthew view'd her)
 And to her children just among 'em,
 A hundred more, and not to wrong 'em,
 In equal shares I freely give it,
 Not doubting but they will receive it.

To Sally Crouch and Mary Lee,
 If they with lady Poulett be ;
 Because they round the year did dwell
 In Twick'nam-house, and serv'd full well,
 When lord and lady far did stray,
 O'er the hills and far away ;
 The first ten pounds, the other twenty,
 And, girls, I hope, that will content ye,
 In seventeen hundred fixty-nine,
 This with my hand I write and sign ;
 The sixteenth day of fair October,
 In merry mood, but sound and sober,
 Past my threescore and fifteenth year,
 With spirits gay and conscience clear,
 Joyous and frolicksome, tho' old,
 And like this day, serene but cold.
 To foes well-wishing, and to friends most kind,
 In perfect charity with all mankind.

SEATED one day in a warm bosom of hills,
 covered with evergreens, with a small trout
 stream running through the middle, I reflected on
 the fashion of Englishmen repairing to Nice, in
 Piedmont, for the establishment of health, as arising
 more

more from the love of change in general, than to answer any salutary purposes. The accounts of the remarkable inclemency of the season at that place, and the death of two men of consequence, gave rise to the following lines.

O D E T O H E A L T H.

WRITTEN MARCH 10, 1775.

In vain ye seek the warmer sky,
 Where Var * rolls down his alpine tide,
 And flow'rs unfold their varied dye,
 In earlier fragrance by its side,
 Yet whom a length of well-spent years depress,
 Or wanton lives whose complicated ills confess.
 Dowdeswell in vain invok'd the maid,
 Or on the hill, or milder dale;
 But found her not amid the glade,
 Nor caught her in the whispering gale;
 There—but such loss what time will see supplied!
 Britons, your truest, firmest, patriot genius died.

For lo! with wreath fantastick crown'd,
 She treads this solitary scene;
 And lightly trips these woodlands round,
 Bedeck'd with stole of vernal green;
 Glides gently down the murmuring stream below,
 And tempers with her pow'r the rougher winds that
 blow.

* A river that rises in the Alps, and runs by Nice.

From youth, thee, rustic nymph, I woo'd,
 At ev'ning grey, and crimson morn,
 Thy steps on beds of violets view'd,
 And saw thee wanton on the thorn.
 Far more, the humbler shrub and poorer cell,
 Thou lov'st than in th'intemp'rate air of courts
 dwell.

But tho' thy influence benign
 To me produce unclouded days,
 Yet true contentment is not mine,
 Unless you claim my Laura's praise,
 And bid her blood with livelier impulse flow,
 And on her pallid cheek the banish'd roses glow.

From grief she rescues th' oppress'd,
 And drops the sympathetic tear ;
 She pours her balm into the breast
 Of virtuous indigence and care.
 Thus from corroding fear and want set free,
 She bids them heav'n address—then sacrifice to thee

WRITTEN ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

'T IS done ; the well-earn'd wages freely paid
 And labor gains its wonted weekly rest.
 Oh ! night, esteem'd by needy, lab'ring hind,
 To thee with chearful eye he forward looks ;
 With thee in view wades through his round of toil,
 And free from care and guilt contented sings.

Ye poor
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Ye poor ! yet greatly rich—rich in content
 And happiness and health—ye justly deem'd
 The firm support of this your native land ;
 To whom the noblest lords, your king himself
 Owe duty, honor, love—from whom alone
 They all derive their greatness, power, and wealth,
 Be happy still, and still content and blest ;
 May each revolving week increase your joys,
 While with your youthful families around
 You eat your wholesome meal, and know to prize
 Those best of blessings—Innocence and health.

TRANSLATION OF A FRAGMENT
 OF SIMONIDES.

L OUD blew the winds, and from the shore
 Her bark the swelling billows bore,
 When the fond mother * closely prest,
 The infant Perseus to her breast.

“ O child,” (and as she 'gan to speak
 The tears ran down her faded cheek)
 “ What thoughts my anxious bosom tear ?
 “ Yet thou, sweet boy, secure from fear,
 “ With pure and peaceful slumbers blest,
 “ Can'st in this joyless mansion rest ;
 “ Where night, and horror's deepest shades,
 “ (Save where the glimmering moon pervades)
 “ Their gloomy influence have spread,
 “ Thou, in thy purple mantle laid ;

* Danaë.

“ Nor

“ Nor heed’st the waves, that o’er thee flow,
 “ Nor hear’st the waves that howling blow.
 “ But had these terrors half their pow’r,
 “ On thee too, in this dreadful hour,
 “ Thy little ear thoud’st surely lend,
 “ And to thy mother’s griefs attend.
 “ Sleep on my child : I charge thee sleep ;
 “ O could I hush the angry deep,
 “ Or my unmeasurable woes,
 “ Within my troubled breast compose !
 “ But thou avert, O Father Jove,
 “ Such cruel punishment for love.
 “ Bold as it is, I dare demand
 “ Justice, from thy almighty hand,
 “ And to the injur’d parent done,
 “ O, be that justice, by her son !”

SKETCH OF A POLITICAL DICTIONARY, 1775.

WHAT is the constitution ?

Ans. A Gothic structure, new fronted by Scotch architects.

What is government ?

A. What the Junto please.

What is the royal prerogative ?

A. As much as it can get ?

Wherein lies the privilege of parliament ?

A. In the people’s pockets.

What is a king’s minister ?

A. The people’s master.

Wha

What is a Scotch chief justice?

A. A press-biter.

What is a bishop?

A. A sheep-biter.

What is an Arch bishop?

A. A fly priest.

How does a priest resemble a shepherd?

A. By fleecing his flock.

How does a modern member of parliament represent his constituents?

A. By doing as they did—selling himself.

What is a justice of the peace?

A. A piece of a justice.

What is the benefit of clergy?

A. The laity.

By what right do we tax America?

A. By the right about.

What is a great orator?

A. A haberdasher of words and similes.

What should a man do whose fancy runs away with his judgment?

A. Add more weight to the rider.

What is a Scotch solicitor-general?

A. A Scotch bagpipe for the Junto to play on.

What is a great chancellor?

A. A small lawyer.

What is the lord keeper?

A. A kept lord.

What is a maid of honour?

A. A maid upon honour.

What is a cabinet council?

A. A collection of heads by a great master.

What

What is a king of England ?

A. The first subject.

What are the people of England ?

A. The sovereign power.

Whose is the crown ?

A. Theirs who can give it away.

What is meant by my kingdoms, my subjects, my forces, my treaties and alliances, &c.

A. A little Gasconade, but neither private property, nor personal concerns.

A NEW FORM OF INITIATION FOR ALL YOUTHS
OF THE SUPERIOR CLASS.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S CREED.

I Believe that this world is the only object of my hopes and morals, and that the little prettinesses of life will answer all the ends of human existence. I believe that we are to succeed in all things by the graces of civility and attention ; that there is no success but against good manners, and that all religion and virtue consist in outward appearance. I believe that all women are children, and all men fools, except a few cunning people, who see through the rest, and make their use of them. I believe that hypocrisy, fornication, and adultery, are within the lines of morality ; that a woman may be honourable when she has lost her honour, and virtuous when she has lost her virtue.

This

This, and whatever else is necessary for the obtaining my own ends, and bringing me into repute, I resolve to follow; and to avoid all mortal offences, such as scratching my head before company, chinning a fiddle, spitting upon the floor, and omitting to pick up a lady's fan. And in this profession I will persevere, without the least regard to the resurrection of the body or the life everlasting. Amen.

Then the President shall say,

P. Wilt thou be initiated into these principles?

Resp. That is my inclination.

P. Wilt thou keep up to the rules of the Chesterfield Morality?

R. I will, Lord Chesterfield being my monitor.

P. Name this youth.

R. A dancing-master of quality.

P. I introduce thee to the world, the flesh, and the devil, that thou mayst triumph over all awkwardnesses, and grow up unto all politeness; that thou mayst be celebrated by the childish sex as an example of refinement; mayst speak French, read Italian, be invested with some public character at a foreign court, get into parliament, perhaps into the privy-council; and that, when thou art dead, the letters written to thy bastards may be published, in five editions, for the instruction of all sober families.

“Ye are to take care that this youth, when of a proper age, be sent to Geneva to be confirmed.”

SAPPHO'S

S A P P H O ' s O D E

T O V E N U S .

THEE on thy radiant throne sublime
 Immortal child of Jove!
 Goddess ador'd in every clime,
 Bewitching queen of love.

Thee mighty Venus I implore,
 O take thy suppliant's part!
 With jealousy and grief no more:
 Oppress my broken heart.

But come, as erst you'd deign to come,
 And to my prayer attend,
 And leave your father's golden dome,
 On Sappho to descend.

Yok'd by your hand, your sparrows bear
 On willing wings your car,
 High o'er the gloomy earth appear,
 And part the yielding air.

Soon they arrive—your happy maid
 With heavenly smiles you bless:
 Ask, “Why I then invok'd your aid,
 “Or what could you redress.

“What did I, most desire to ease,
 “Mad as I was, my frantic mind?
 “Whom would my Sappho wish to please?
 “Or who has been unkind?

“Sa

Say does he slight? with cold disdain

“Your proffer’d presents spurn?

Soon shall his, wait on you in vain,

“And he for Sappho burn.”

Once more my anxious hopes fulfil,

Appear, and set me free:

Grant me my heart’s fond wish: and still

My guardian goddess be.

TO A LADY WHO WAS WRITING A DEFIANCE
TO CUPID IN VERSE.

MISTAKEN fair, in vain you try,
Who all the power of love defy.

To her who ne’er felt Cupid’s dart,

Apollo will not lend his art.

THE late lord E-g—e was not only a man of pleasure, but of fine parts, great knowledge, and original wit.—In him we have the most affecting example, how health, fame, ambition, everything, are drawn into that most destructive of all whirlpools—gaming. No man was ever more calculated by nature to serve the public, and charm society—I shall leave the shades of this picture unfinished, as perhaps they were not wholly owing to his own indiscretion, but to his F——’s rigor. To give an idea of his light, easy vein of wit and poetry, we shall present the reader with the following fable, well known to be written by him, and never published before.

FABLE

FABLE OF THE *ASS, NIGHTINGALE, AND KID

BY THE LATE LORD E——.

——Trahit sua quemq; voluptas.

Once on a time it came to pass,
 A nightingale, a kid, and ass,
 A Jack one, all set out together,
 Upon a trip—no matter whither,
 And thro' a village chanc'd to take
 Their journey—where there was a wake;
 With lads and lasses all assembled:
 Our travellers, whose genius them led
 Each his own way—resolved to taste
 Their share o'th' Sport—we're not in haste,
 First cries the nightingale, and I
 Delight in musick mightily!
 Let's have a tune—ay come let's stop,
 Reply'd the kid and take a hop:
 Ay do, says Jack, the mean while I
 Will wait for you, and graze hard by.
 You know that I, for song and dance,
 Care not a fart---but if by chance,
 As probably the end will be,
 They go to romping---then call me.

KID IN A BLACK MARBLE STATUE OF A SLAVE,
STANDING AT THE PORCH OF ONE OF THE
INNS OF COURT.

IN vain, poor fable son of woe,
Thou seek'st a tender ear;
In vain thy tears with anguish flow,
For mercy dwells not here.

From cannibals thou fly'st in vain;
Lawyers less quarter give:
The first won't eat you till you'r slain,
The last will do't alive.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR'S TUTOR AT
C. C. C. OXON. FROM THE COUNTRY.

Donarem pateras grataque commodus
Censorine meis æra sodalibus
—————neque tu pessima munerum
Ferre, divite me scilicet artium,
Quas aut parrhasius protulit, aut scopas
Sed non hæc mihi vis, non tibi talium
Res est animus deliciarum egens, &c.

DEIGN would I, kind and learned friend,
A piece of plate to college send,
Pillars for lights, or cups for wine,
No gift in weight should equal mine;

* It is customary for the gentlemen-commoners to give some
piece of plate to the college, upon leaving it.

Bolton should furnish the device,
 Jefferies or Deard might name the price.
 Nor should I, to my feelings true,
 The least of presents offer you.
 But I of silver have no store,
 And you too modest, had I more:
 And generous past all believing,
 Love giving better than receiving.
 ——— Though modesty suppress a name,
 That well might challenge lasting fame.
 Though virtue such as yours should shine,
 The theme of nobler verse than mine:
 And better things just heaven shall give
 Than verse, to those like you who live.
 ——— For patient help in logic lent,
 For breath on Euclid, vainly spent.
 For every good and friendly aid,
 With little more than thanks repaid.
 Accept, dear sir, this grateful strain,
 Sung from the heart, if sung in vain.

THE THREE FIRST STANZAS OF THE TWENTY
 FOURTH CANTO OF DANTE'S INFERNA MADE
 INTO A SONG. IN IMITATION OF THE EARLY
 OF SURRY'S STYLE.

I.

WHEN in the opening of the youthful year
 Sol in Aquarius bathes his glistering ray
 In early morn the fields all white appear,
 With hoary frost is cover'd every spray:

and every herb and every grafs is fhent,
 All in the chill imprifonment ypent.

II.

The mean-clad fwain, forth iffuing from his cot,
 Looks fadly all around the whitening wafte;
 And grieves that his poor fheep, by heaven forgot,
 Can find no food, no tender green to tafte :
 He beats his breaft as one diftract, or mad ;
 And home returns, with penfive look and fad.

III.

There fient grieves. Then once again looks out,
 And fees the groves and meads quite alter'd are.
 The fun has caft his melting rays about,
 And every green appears more frefh and fair.
 Then hope returns, and joy unknits his brows,
 And forth he leads his flock the tender grafs to brouze.

IV.

Thus when my fair one views me with difdain,
 My heart is funk within me, fad and dead ;
 My fpirits yield, and all my foul's in pain ;
 I fit and figh, and hang my drooping head :
 But if fhe fmile, my fadnefs melts away,
 Each gloomy thought clears up, and I'm all blithe
 and gay.

THE SIXTH ODE OF THE SECOND
BOOK OF HORACE,

IMITATED.

ADDRESSED TO
DEAN SWIFT, ESQ;
OF CASTLE RICARD IN IRELAND.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1747.

SWIFT, say, wouldst thou refuse with me
To cross St. George's narrow sea,
And visit well-known regions?
Nor fear the force of France and Spain,
While Winchelsea protects the main,
And Wade conducts our legions.
When age shall quell this kindling heat,
Be Windsor's groves my last retreat,
There fix'd my happy station;
Where oaks defy the scorching beam,
And Thames rolls on his silver stream,
To nourish contemplation.
Yet, e'er so low have dropp'd my sands,
O haste to thy paternal lands,
Give * Goodrich this to brag on;
Where richer is the precious fleece,
Than erst the subtle thief of Greece
Bore off from Bull and dragon.

* The family estate in Herefordshire. The sufferings of his great grandfather for his loyalty to king Charles the first, may be seen in the Mercurius Rusticus, and Walker's history of those times.

ay, canst thou blame the spot I chuse,
 ND Where Pope first call'd the willing muse,
 Who came and crown'd her darling?
 There let us read his matchless lays,
 Together mingle grief and praise,
 While Cibber stands by snarling.

Tho' thro' the trees no honey flow,
 Nor in the earth the ruby glow,
 Yet be the place not slighted;
 Where W—— felt the circling blue,
 Like belov'd, by me and you;
 And B—— would fain be knighted.

If the kind powers would grant my pray'r,
 And thou shouldst breathe in British air,
 Fate can no more contribute;
 In honest ease we'll pass our time,
 And snatch the triplet's crutch of rhyme,
 To prop a falling gibbet.

Then should stern death my pleasures end,
 Vilt thou not weep a breathless friend,
 And give some pious verses?
 Drop o'er his grave one heart-felt tear,
 While int'rest, hope, and servile fear
 Attend on prouder hearses?

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Say,

VERSES WRITTEN AT BATH, ON THE NEW
GAME OF E AND O.

TELL me, O muse, if aught you know,
The secret charms in E and O;
Of letters why this chosen pair
So strongly should attract the fair,
That they alone should these pursue,
Blind to the other twenty-two.
With admiration we behold
The fair, the ugly, young and old,
That us'd at variance fierce to be,
In this most lovingly agree.
Ev'n Larva, proud as tragick queen,
Close by an housewife fat is seen;
In spite of pride, in reason's spite,
Compell'd to feel the same delight.
Gods! with what joy the motley croud
In silence some, and some aloud,
Still as the ball moves to and fro,
Prefer the fav'rite E or O!
Here one conspicuous for mouth
Extending wide as north from south,
Grown by a happy choice more gay,
Grins horrible a ghastly E.
Close at her side another plies,
With haggard look and deep-sunk eyes,
But fears her toothless gums to show,
And screws her muscles to an O.

Thoughtl

Thoughtless if age or manners fit,
 In odd fraternity they fit.
 Here may'st thou see the dimple sleek,
 Close neighbour to a shrivel'd cheek;
 The milk-white hand by lover kist,
 In contrast with a ruddy fist;
 The gouty 'squire, with angry toe,
 From force of habit groans an O.
 If wiv'd, from opposition she
 Will lay her life upon an E.
 By this alone the hapless swain
 Expects to mitigate his pain;
 Or if by chance the fair one frown,
 In doleful dumps he drops his crown,
 And whilst he breathes the love-sick O,
 The nymph sits titt'ring at his woe.
 High o'er the rest, in sweaty pride,
 An upstart dealer does preside;
 Nor scorns the nicest dame to take
 From his moist fist the clammy stake;
 Yet should a lip her hand profane,
 He bathes to purify the stain.
 No more shall now the learned write,
 Or poet's song create delight.
 Be nine! instruct us now no more
 In use of letters twenty-four,
 Since uncombin'd these simple two,
 Can give more real joys than you,

I L B E L L I C O S O.

B Y M R. M A S O N.

HENCE, dull lethargic peace,
 Born in some hoary beardsmen's cell obscure;
 Or in Circæan bower,
 Where manhood dies, and reason's vigils cease;

Hie to congenial climes,
 Where some seraglio's downy tyrant reigns;
 Or where Italian swains,
 'Midst wavy shades, and myrtle-blooming bowers,
 Lull their ambrosial hours,
 And deck with languid trills their tinkling rhymes

But rouse, thou god by furies, drest
 In helm, with terror plumed crest,
 In adamantine steel bedight,
 Glistening formidably bright,
 With step unfix'd and aspect wild;
 Jealous Juno's raging child,
 Who thee conceiv'd in Flora's bower,
 By touch of rare Olenian flower;
 Oft the goddess sigh'd in vain,
 Envyng Jove's prolific brain,
 And oft she stray'd Olympus round,
 Till this specific help she found;
 Then fruitful grown, she quits the skies,
 To Thracia's sanguine plain she hies,

Ther

There teems thee forth, of nervous mold,
 Haughty, furious, swift and bold,
 Names thee Mars, and bids thee call
 The world from pleasure's flowery thrall :
 Come thou genius of the war,
 Roll me in thy iron car ;
 And while thy coursers pierce the sky,
 Breathing fury as they fly,
 Let courage hurry swift before,
 All stain'd around with purple gore,
 And victory follow close behind,
 With wreaths of palm and laurel join'd,
 While high above, fair fame assumes
 Her place, and waves her eagle plumes.
 Then let the trumpet swell the note,
 Roaring rough thro' brazen throat ;
 Let the drum sonorous beat,
 With thick vibrations hoarsely sweet ;
 Boxen hautboys too be found,
 Nor be miss'd the fife's shrill sound ;
 Nor yet the bagpipe's swelling strain, o
 Solace sweet to Highland swain,
 Whether on some mountain's brow,
 Now squeaking high, now droning low,
 He plays deft lilt to Scottish lass,
 Tripping it o'er the pliant grass,
 Or whether in the battle's fray,
 He lively pipes a bolder lay ;
 The bolder lay (such magic reigns
 In all its moving Phrygian strains)
 Dispenses swift to all the train
 Fury stern, and pale disdain,

Strikes

Strikes every fire from every mind,
Nor leaves one latent spark behind.

Bear me now to tented ground,
Where gaudy streamers wave around,
Where Britain's ensigns high display'd,
Lend the earth a scarlet shade;
And pikes, and spears, and lances gay,
Glitter in the solar ray.
Here I'll join the hardy crowd,
As they sport in gamesome mood,
Wrestling on the circled ground,
Wreathing limbs with limbs around,
Or as they pitch the massy bar,
Or teach the disk to whiz in air:
And when night returns, regale
With chat full blunt, and chirping ale;
While some voice of manly base
Sings my darling Chevy-Chase;
How the child's that's yet unborn
May rue Earl Percy's hound and horn;
How Witherington in doleful dumps,
Fought right valiant on his stumps;
And many a knight and 'squire full gay
At morn, at night were clad in clay;
While first and last we join and sing,
"God prosper long our noble king!"

And when midnight spreads around
Her sable vestments on the ground,
Hence I'll, for a studious seat,
To some strong citadel retreat,
By ditch and rampart high ypent,
And battery strong and battlement!

There,

There, in some store-room rightly dight
 With mailly coats and faulchions bright,
 Emblazon'd shields of quaint impress,
 And a whole army's glittering dress,
 While the taper burneth blue,
 As Brutus erst was wont to do)
 Let me turn the ample page
 Of some grave historic sage;
 Or in Homer's sacred song,
 Mix the Græcian bards among;
 Nestor wise with silver'd head,
 And Ajax stern, and Diomed,
 And many more, whose wonderous might,
 Could equal e'en the gods in fight;
 Or list to Virgil's epic lyre,
 Or lofty Lucan wrapp'd in fire;
 But rather far let Shakespear's muse
 Her genuine British fires diffuse;
 And briskly with her magic strain
 Hurry me to Gallic plain,
 Just when each patriot Talbot bleeds,
 Or when heaven prosper'd Harry leads
 His troops with seven-fold courage steel'd,
 To Agincourt's immortal field.

But when th' embattled troops advance,
 O Mars, my every thought intrance!
 Guide me, thundering, martial god,
 Guide thro' glory's arduous road!
 While hailing bullets round me fly,
 And human thunders shake the sky,
 While crowds of heroes heap the ground,
 And dying groans are heard around,

With

With armour clanking, clarions sounding,
 Cannons bellowing, shouts rebounding;
 Guide me, thundering, martial god,
 Guide thro' glory's arduous road!

But should on land thy triumph's cease,
 Still lead me far from hated peace;
 Me bear, dread power, for warlike sport,
 To some wave-incircled fort:
 Or (if it yield more open fight)
 To some hoar promontory's height,
 Whose high-arch'd brow o'erlooks the scene,
 Where tritons blue, and naiads green,
 Sportive from their coral cave,
 Through the fluid chrystal lave;
 There eagerly I ken from far
 All the waste of naval war,
 And catch a sympathetic rage,
 While the numerous fleets engage,
 And every distant shore rebounds,
 To the cannons rattling sounds,
 And the sulphurous fire-ship rends,
 And thousand fates around her sends,
 And limbs dissever'd hurl'd on high,
 Smoke amid th' affrighted sky.
 Then let black clouds above my head,
 With gleams of scarlet thick bespread,
 With lightning's flash and thunder's growl,
 Suit the spleen that shades my soul.
 There too let cranes, a numerous flight,
 With beaks and claws wage bloody fight,
 And airy knights from every cloud
 Prick forth, their armour rattling loud;

With

With blazing swords, and comets drear,
 Dragging a trail of flaming hair;
 Such as diffus'd their baneful gleam
 Over besieg'd Jerusalem,
 Or hung o'er Rome ere Julius fell,
 And, if old sages rightly spell,
 Were ever deemed to foreshew
 Changes in our realms below.

And when at length cold creeping age
 Freezes the torrent of my rage,
 Let me live amongst a crew
 Of invalids, of kindred hue!
 Of some main limb bereft by war,
 Or blest with some deep glorious scar;
 Scar, that endless glory draws
 From Liberty and Albion's cause:
 Then oft well pleas'd with them retire
 To circle round a sea-coal fire,
 And all our past campaigns recite,
 Of Vigo's sack and Blenheim's fight;
 How valiant Rooke majestic trod,
 How Marlbro' thunder'd; half a god!
 And then, with sage prophetic eye,
 On future battles to descry,
 That Britain shall not fail to yield
 Equal generals for the field;
 That France again shall pour her blood,
 And Danube roll a purpled flood.

And when my children round me throng,
 The same grand theme shall grace my tongue:
 To teach them, should fair England need
 Their blood, 'tis theirs to wish to bleed;

And,

And, as I speak, to mark with joy
 New courage start in every boy ;
 And gladsome read in all their eyes,
 Each with a future hero rise.
 These delights if Mars afford,
 Mars, with thee I whet my sword.

THE PLEASURES OF THE MIND

KIND nature with a mother's joys
 Her every art to charm employs,
 For man the golden king of day
 Pours light, health, beauty, in his ray.
 The morn in silver tresses bright,
 With milder charms salutes his fight,
 And night her shadowy curtain draws,
 Indulging sleeps refreshing pause :
 For man the purple finger'd hours,
 Dress beauteous spring in new blown flow'rs.
 Teach her to breathe a rich perfume,
 And smile with eye-enchancing bloom.
 Then ripe in beauty's glowing pride,
 Blithe summer, Sol's refulgent bride,
 Bids plenty revel o'er the plains,
 And carol heart enlivening strains.
 Next autumn calls the sylvan pow'rs,
 To lay him soft in shady bow'rs,
 Where grape and nectarine, plumb and peach,
 May tempting hang within his reach !
 Last, winter comes to rule the year
 In sweet vicissitude severe.

See him on Zembla's mountains stand,
 He stretches out his palsied hand,
 And all his magazines unfold
 Their copious hoards of ice and cold :
 The hail, in volleys rattles round,
 The snow descending, shrouds the ground :
 Deep bellowing bursts of thunders roll,
 And pleasing horror swells the soul.
 With still improv'd delight, the mind
 Beholds her powers unconfin'd,
 She roves with nature, and explains
 What virtues live in secret veins
 Of herbs; bids Flora's children rise
 In naked beauty to her eyes,
 To the soft serenade of gales
 Thro' ocean's liquid realms she sails,
 Thro' pearly worlds, thro' coral groves,
 Where every scaly wonder roves :
 With Phœbus, in his chariot driv'n,
 She journeys thro' the expanse of heav'n :
 Now rolling round on Saturn's ring,
 Now roving on the comet's wing,
 And urging still her airy flight,
 She gains those smiling realms of light,
 Where sons of bliss, immortals dwell,
 In golden groves of Asphodel.
 Now conscious of celestial skill,
 Her forming pow'r she tries at will,
 Her pencil weds assenting dies,
 And see a new born world arise.
 Here charms the eye the blossom'd grove,
 Where, looking bliss, young lovers rove ;

There

There serpentine the river glides,
 And nibbling flocks adorn its sides.
 Soft'ning to flesh the marble lives,
 And takes each attitude she gives :
 Here nerv'd to strength the hero stands,
 There orators extend their hands,
 The patriot here, by freedom's side,
 Smiling pours out the vital tide ;
 Here beauty charms the gazing eye,
 The loves and graces waiting by :
 Is it the breeze that wakes the spring,
 Or say, does Philomela sing,
 And bid the list'ning ear rejoice ?
 'Tis music tunes her heav'nly voice,
 Her voice of sweetest skill to raise
 The drooping heart ten thousand ways.
 Now heav'n caught fury fires the soul,
 And spurning oft earth's dull controul,
 Vent'rous she wings her full-plum'd flight,
 Detects her new regions of delight :
 Led by enchantress fancy roves,
 The muses gay ideal groves,
 Where countless beings strike her eye,
 Confus'd in glitt'ring novelty :
 But what the varied years delight,
 Or what the mental ken so bright,
 Or what the kind inspiring muses,
 To bliss that genuine love transfuses !
 The parent fond impassion'd flow,
 The filial duteous grateful glow,
 Congenial friendship, heav'nly true,
 And pity pressing balmy dew

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The feast of converse, that dispenses
 Rapture to fill up all the senses,
 Where reason, mirth, good humour sit,
 And beauty sparkles into wit.
 Here too, as in the natural scene,
 Triumphs the mind, creative queen,
 Here fancy, with illusion kind,
 Indulges ev'ry longing mind,
 Brings to the lover, in despair
 His mutually impassion'd fair,
 Adorns the frightful female face
 With beauties cull'd from every grace ;
 Instructs ambition's slave to nod,
 And bids the reptile soar a God,
 Applauds the bard's prosaic songs,
 Gives eloquence to stamm'ring tongues,
 Lets oceans sons their haven gain,
 Unbinds the captive's galling chain ;
 To poverty each joy bestows,
 From rich humanity that flows,
 Gives her at once herself to bless,
 And charm the virtues in distress,
 Yet still reserves the sapient mind,
 Her darling free born joy behind,
 When with fond eyes she loves to trace
 The beauties of her moral race,
 And with blithe confidence can say,
 She liv'd with virtue ev'ry day,
 That still she urg'd life's great design,
 To fit herself for bliss divine ;
 Then conscience lends the plausible note,
 Thro' ev'ry sense of joy to float,

Strikes music from each vital string,
That envies not when angels sing;
Dissolv'd in ecstasy she lies,
And sweetly pre-enjoys the skies.

AN INVITATION TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE
DODINGTON, ESQ;* BY THE LATE MR. CHRISTOPHER
PITT. IN ALLUSION TO HORACE, B.
EPIST. 5.

IF Dodington will condescend
To visit a poetic friend,
And leave a numerous bill of fare,
For four or five plain dishes here;
No costly welcome, but a kind,
He and his friends will always find;
A plain, but clean, and spacious room,
The master and his heart at home,
A cellar, open as his face,
A dinner shorter than his grace;
Your mutton comes from Pimperdown,
Your fish (if any) from the town;
Our rogues, indeed, of late, o'er-aw'd,
By human laws, not those of God,
No ven'son steal, or none they bring,
Or send it all to master King †;
And yet, perhaps, some vent'rous spark,
May bring it, now the nights are dark.
Punch I have store, and beer beside,
And port that's sound, though frenchify'd.

* Created Lord Melcombe in 1761. He died in 1762.

† The Blandford carrier.

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* Mr. I
† Mr.

The

Then, if you come, I'm sure to get
from Eastb'ry *—a desert—of wit.

One line, good Sir, to name the day,
and your petitioner will pray, &c.

TO MY BROTHER MR. CHRISTOPHER PITT,
AN EPISTLE; ON HIS HAVING A FIT OF THE
GOUT.

AMONG the well-bred natives of our isle,
“ I kiss your hand, Sir,” is the modish style;
in humbler manner, as my fate is low,
I beg to kiss your venerable toe.

Not old infalibility's can have
deeper reverence from its meanest slave.

What dignity attends the solemn gout,
What conscious greatness, if the heart be stout!

It seems I see you o'er the house preside,

in painful majesty and decent pride,

With leg tost high, on stately sofa sit,

More like a sultan, than a modern wit;

Quick at your call the trembling slaves appear,

Advance with caution, and retire with fear;

Even Peggy trembles, though (or authors fail)

at times, the anti-fallic laws prevail.

Now Lord have mercy on poor Dick! say I,

Where's the lac'd shoe—who laid the flannel by?”

Within, 'tis hurry, the house seems possest;

Without, the horses wonder at their rest.

What terrible dismay, what scenes of care!

Why is the sooty Mintrem's hopeful heir †,

* Mr. Dodington's seat, at that time.

† Mr. Pitt's servant, the son of a blacksmith.

Before the morning-dawn compell'd to rise,
 And give attendance with his half-shut eyes?
 What makes that girl with hideous visage stare?
 What fiends prevent Ead's * journey to the fair?†
 Why all this noise, this bustle, and this rout?
 "Oh! nothing—but poor master has the gout."

Meantime, superior to the pains below,
 Your thoughts in soaring meditations flow,
 In rapt'rous trance on Virgil's genius dwell,
 To us, poor mortals, his strong beauties tell,
 And, like Æneas, from your couch of state,
 In all the pomp of words display the Trojan fate.

Can nothing your aspiring thoughts restrain?
 Or does the muse suspend the rage of pain?
 Awhile give o'er your rage; in sickness prove
 Like other mortals, if you'd pity move:
 Think not you friends compassionate can be,
 When such the product of disease they see;
 Your sharpest pangs'but add to our delight,
 We'll wish you still the gout, if still you write

EPITAPH ON MISS DRUMMOND, DAUGHTER OF
 THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

BY MR. M A S O N.

HERE sleeps—what once was beauty, once was
 grace,

Grace, that with sense and tenderness combin'd
 To form that harmony of soul and face,
 Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.

* Another servant of Mr. Pitt.

† Blandford-fair, two miles from Pimpern.

Such was the maid, who, in the morn of youth,
 In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
 Bled with each art which owes its charm to truth,
 Sunk in her father's fond embrace, and dy'd.

He weeps!—O venerate the holy tear!
 Faith lends her aid to ease afflictions' load;
 The parent mourns his child upon her bier,
 The christian yields an angel to his God.

A S O N G.

WRITTEN IN 1765.

CRIES Damon, teaz'd by dearest life,
 To trudge to Vauxhall with her,
 " If song from hell could fetch a wife,
 " Why can't it send one thither?
 " But if, alas! to Pluto's cell,
 " By music none are driven,
 " Say, Handel, is there not a spell
 " Can send her soul to heaven?
 " Come then, some sweet entrancing strain,
 " To native skies restore her,
 " And when to angel turn'd again
 " I may again adore her."

H E A L T H.

HEALTH, pleasure's handmaid, loves my beech-
crown'd hill;

There, when the sun first streaks the eastern sky,
I meet the nymph in flowing mantle drest,
With rosy cheek and lustre-beaming eye.

When noontide heats forbid to climb the brow,
With me she seeks the copse's green retreat;
And as I lie beneath the deepest shade,
She hears the willing vows which I repeat.

Sweet nymph, whose presence gilds the darkest scene!
(Thus do I oft begin the votive lay)
Parent of bliss! thou source of pure delight!
Accept the grateful homage which I pay!

Oh mayst thou ne'er my humble cot forsake,
May no rude orgies drive thee from my door;
But still the plain repast with me partake,
And throw a sunshine on my ev'ning hour.

E P I G R A M.

DAMON dit en mangeant d'un Chester plein
de mites,

‘ Tel que Samson, j'en tue un mille en un mo-
ment :’

“ Il est vrai,” lui repond Melites;

“ Tu te fers du meme instrument.”

Eating

Eating a mity cheese elate with pride,
 I, Samson-like, slay thousands' Damon cry'd;
 To him Melites quick reply'd, "'Tis true,
 And the same weapon serv'd both him and you."

THE COURT OF VENUS.

FROM CLAUDIAN.

BEING PART OF THE EPITHALAMIUM ON THE
 MARRIAGE OF THE EMPEROR HONORIUS WITH
 MARIA, THE DAUGHTER OF STILICHO.

TH' Ionian quarter of the Cyprian shore,
 A craggy mountain coolly shadows o'er,
 Untrod by human feet; and, from its head,
 Nile's sev'nfold mouths, and Proteus's Pharian bed
 (Th' Egyptian coast) in distant prospect lie;
 No loursing storms e'er cloud the happy sky.
 To love and luxury, th' indulgent scene
 Devoted lies, and wears eternal green.
 Nor the bleak seasons that deform the year;
 Nor wintry months disgracefully appear;
 But spring's immortal beauties flourish here.
 On its high top a field extends around,
 With a rich fence of golden hedges crown'd.
 This curious border. Mulciber, 'tis said,
 Uxorious, for his wife's embraces paid,
 A bribe to purchase love. The meadows smile;
 Nor culture need, for zephyr tends the soil.
 No bird presumes to warble in these groves,
 But such whose voice the goddess first approves.

The victors triumph, and the vanquish'd train,
 Are chas'd away to distance on the plain.
 To love, the chearful vegetables rise,
 And ev'ry tree seems sensible of joys.
 His boughs the alder with the alder twines,
 And, close embracing, conjugally joins.
 The poplar to the poplar sighs his pains,
 And beech to beech alternately complains.

Two fountains roll; one sweet; and bitter one,
 Whose hateful streams all mirth and pleasure drown.
 Here Cupid, fame reports, his darts prepares,
 And dips the cruel weapons of his wars.

A thousand brothers on the margin play,
 Alike in face and dress, all young and gay,
 The family of loves, of unresisted sway!

Therest sprung from the nymphs; but this
 alone,

Of better birth, is golden Venus' son,
 Heav'n and the gods are subject to his throne;
 On princes his distinguish'd shafts he spends;
 O'er meaner hearts the meaner race attends.

Nor other wasteful pow'rs are wanting here;
 Voluptuous licence, which no bound can bear,
 And hasty anger easily aton'd,
 And watchings, drench'd in wine, inhabit round;
 Blushes, and paleness, love's alternate hue:
 Boldness, at first abash'd with raptures new.
 Delightful fears, and pleasures insincere,
 And wanton perjuries on wing appear:
 Presumptuous youth is still at hand to chase
 Decrepit age from this enchanting place.

The

The glit'ring palace shoots a various blaze
Through the brown grove, and shines with mingled
rays,

By Vulcan rear'd, who added art to price;
Gems mixt with gold here strike th' admiring eyes.

On em'rald bases plac'd the pillars stand,
Hew'd from clear hyacinth with happy hand.

The walls were beryl; sparkling jaspers join;

To form the doors and nicely polish'd shrine;

Rich agate pav'd the floor, dispos'd with skill
divine. }

Full in the midst an ample plain appears,

Which curious plants and od'rous harvests bears,

Here sweet amomum and the Cassia's spice,

And soft Sabæan cinnamon arise;

Nor grudgingly their gums the branches yield,

But the rich balm distils o'er all the field.

I. H. BROWNE, ESQ; ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

NOW six-and-thirty rapid years are fled

Since I began, nor yet begin to live.

Painful reflection! to look back I dread.

What hope, alas! can looking forward give?

Day urges day, and year succeeds to year;

While hoary age steals unperceiv'd along.

Summer is come, and yet no fruits appear;

My joys a dream; my works, an idle song.

Ah

Ah me ! I fondly thought Apollo shone
 With beams propitious on my natal hour.
 Fair was my morn ; but now at highest noon,
 Shades gather round, and clouds begin to lour.

- “ Yes, on thy natal hour,” the god replies,
 “ I shone propitious, and the muses smil’d ;
 “ Blame not the pow’rs ; they gave thee wings to
 “ rise ;
 “ But earth thou lov’st, by low delights beguil’d
 “ Possessing wealth beyond a poet’s lot,
 “ Thou the dull track of lucre hast preferr’d ;
 “ For contemplation form’d, and lofty thought.
 “ Thou meanly minglest with the vulgar herd.
 “ True bards, select, and sacred to the Nine,
 “ Listen not thus to pleasure’s warbling lays ;
 “ Nor on the downy couch of ease recline ;
 “ Severe their lives, abstemious are their days.
 “ O born for nobler ends ! dare to be wise ;
 “ ’Tis not even now too late ; assert thy claim :
 “ Rugged the path conducting to the skies,
 “ But the fair guerdon is immortal fame.”

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE BY CHEESE.

THERE liv’d in York, an age ago,
 A man whose name was Pimlico :
 He lov’d three sisters passing well ;
 But which the best he could not tell.
 These sisters three, divinely fair,
 Shew’d Pimlico their tend’rest care :

For each was elegantly bred,
 And all were much inclin'd to wed;
 And all made Pimlico their choice,
 And prais'd him with their sweetest voice.
 Young Pim, the gallant and the gay,
 Like as divided 'tween the hay,
 At last resolv'd to gain his ease,
 And chuse his wife by eating cheese.
 He wrote his card, he seal'd it up,
 And said with them that night he'd sup;
 Desir'd that there might only be
 Good cheshire-cheese, and but them three;
 He was resolv'd to crown his life,
 And by that means to fix his wife.
 The girls were pleas'd at his conceit;
 Each dress'd herself divinely neat;
 With faces full of peace and plenty,
 Blooming with roses under twenty.
 For surely Nancy, Betty, Sally,
 Were sweet as lillies of the valley.
 But singly, surely buxom Bet
 Was like new hay and minionet;
 But each surpass'd a poet's fancy,
 For that, of truth, was said of Nancy:
 And as for Sall, she was a Dona,
 As fair as those of old Crotona*,
 Who to Appelles lent their faces,
 To make up Madam Helen's graces.
 To those, the gay divided Pim,
 Came elegantly smart and trim:

* Appelles, from five beautiful virgins of Crotona, drew
 Helen of Troy, the adulterous wife of Menelaus.

When

When ev'ry smiling maiden, certain,
 Cut of the cheese to try her fortune.
 Nancy, at once, not fearing—caring
 To shew her saving, eat the paring;
 And Bet, to shew her gen'rous mind,
 Cut and then threw away the rind;
 While prudent Sarah, sure to please,
 Like a clean maiden, scrap'd her cheese.
 This done, young Pimlico replied,
 “ Sally I now declare my bride:
 “ With Nan I can't my welfare put,
 “ For she has prov'd a dirty slut:
 “ And Betsy, who has par'd the rind,
 “ Would give my fortune to the wind.
 “ Sally the happy medium chose,
 “ And I with Sarah will repose;
 “ She's prudent, cleanly; and the man
 “ Who fixes on a nuptial plan,
 “ Can never err, if he will chuse
 “ A wife by cheese—before he ties the noose.”

THE PAIR OF BEASTS.

A T A L E.

RALPH CLOD, a yeoman of the west,
 The sun of science ne'er had blest,
 Yet fortune manag'd so his store,
 His flocks increas'd, his bags ran o'er,
 Resolv'd (tho' Tommy was no fool)
 To send his darling son to school,
 In haste to Master Birch repairs,
 To shew the lad, and end his cares,

He came, he bow'd, and thus began
 For Ralph was a well-spoken man) :—
 Why Master Birch, I understand
 That learning's better far than land;
 And so I've brought my boy along,
 To beg you'll teach him right from wrong:
 For Tom, if means are rightly follor'd,
 Will make a most pordigious schollard.

AN EPIGRAM ON MODERN MARRIAGES.

WHEN Phœbus was am'rous, and long'd to be
 rude,
 Miss Daphne cry'd Pish! and ran swift to the wood;
 And, rather than do such a naughty affair,
 She became a fine laurel to deck the god's hair.
 The nymph was, no doubt, of a cold constitution;
 For, sure, to turn tree was an odd resolution!
 Yet in this she behav'd like a Coterie spouse,
 As she fled from his arms to distinguish his brows.

O N B E A U T Y.

B Y L O R D P——N.

ENchanting nymph of heavenly birth,
 Celestial beauty, sent on earth
 To soothe our cares, our toils, our strife,
 And gild the gloom that saddens life;
 Thine empire countless millions own,
 And every clime reveres thy throne.

Whate'er

Whate'er pursuits mankind engage,
 From frolic youth to serious age,
 To thy resistless pow'r they bow,
 Whilst nature prompts the artless vow.
 Lur'd by the hopes thy smiles can give,
 For thee the wretch endures to live.
 To gain thy praise, his valour's meed,
 For thee the hero dares to bleed.
 Entic'd by thee to happier dreams,
 Ambition drops his airy schemes.
 To purchase thee, from caverns deep,
 The miser brings his treasure'd heap.
 The sage, with reason's boasted arms,
 A while may combat beauty's charms;
 But soon a bursting sigh will prove,
 That reason never conquers love.
 Yet ere I bow before thy shrine,
 And hail thy pow'r with rites divine,
 O blest enchantress, deign to tell,
 In what consists thy magic spell!
 Is it an eye, whose sparkling rays
 Eclipse the diamond's fainter blaze;
 A cheek that shames the vernal rose,
 A breast that vies with mountain snows;
 A mouth that smiles with matchless grace,
 Like pearls within a ruby case;
 A shape like that which once was seen
 On Ida, when the Cyprian queen
 Disclos'd her charms to mortal eyes,
 Contending for the golden prize;
 These may our warmest passions fire,
 And kindle every fierce desire:

But love, upheld by these alone,
 Must soon resign his tott'ring throne,
 And hold a poor precarious sway,
 The short-liv'd beauty of a day.
 Or e'en to form a nymph compleat,
 If all the various charms could meet,
 Which each divided bosom warm,
 And ev'ry throbbing pulse alarm,
 When Johnson, Meynell, Pitt advance,
 And Wroughton joins the sprightly dance,
 And lovely Spencer, mild and fair,
 Comes blushing forth with Hebe's air;
 Yet these were vain, unless to these
 Were join'd the secret pow'r to please;
 That nameless something undefin'd,
 That soft effusion of the mind,
 Which sweetly smiles in ev'ry face,
 To every motion lends a grace,
 And, when their beauty points a dart,
 Impels and guides it to the heart.
 In vain the stealing hand of time
 May pluck the blossoms of their prime.
 Envy may talk of bloom decay'd,
 How lillies droop, and roses fade;
 But constancy's unalter'd truth,
 Regardful of the vows of youth,
 Affection that recalls the past,
 And bids the pleasing influence last,
 Shall still preserve the lover's flame,
 In every scene of life the same;
 And still with fond endearments blend
 The wife, the mistress, and the friend.

But

ON

ON SEEING THE FIGURE OF DEATH
IN A DREAM.

BY DR. H A R I N G T O N.

O vane Superstes !

AVERT, proud Death, thy lifted spear,
Nor vaunt thee King of Terrors, here;
Shorn of thy first envenom'd sting,
Vain are all terrors thou canst bring :
Smite, monster, smite, nor spare thy deepest wound
From Jesse's root our sovereign balm is found.

When o'er the world's wide misery,
Coeval darkness sway'd with thee,
Creation shrunk beneath thy frown,
And horror mark'd thy ebon crown,
Those downcast kingdoms, whelm'd in ruins lie,
Smote by the beaming day-spring from on high.

Tho' clad in vesture of affright,
Thou prowl'st beneath the pall of night,
Thy famish'd form doth quash alarm,
Unpoise that daring strengthless arm,
Bow thy diminish'd head—stern tyrant, flee,
For thou art swallow'd up in victory.

Sweet mercy hath her triumph shown,
Thy darken'd host of fear o'erthrown :

No

Now to behold thee—vanquish'd slave,

No power's left beyond the grave;—

We greet thee kind!—O wond'rous friendship this!

Welcome, good herald!—to anounce our blifs.

WRITTEN IN THE PUMP-ROOM AT BATH.

Scire potestates aquarum, usumque bibendi. VIRG.

ALWHYLE ye drinke, 'midst age and ache ybent,

Ah creepe not comfortlesse besyde our streame;

Sweete nurse of hope) afflyction's downwarde sente,

Wythe styll smalle voyce, to rouze from thryftles

dreame;

Each wyng to prune, that shiftythe everie sprae.

In wytleffe flyghte, and chyrpythe lyfe awaie.

Alwhyle ye lave—suche solace may be founde

When kynde the hande, why 'neath its healyng

“faynte?”

Payne shall recure, the heartes corruptede wounde,”

Farre gone is that, whych feelete not its playnte.”

“Ay kyndrede angel smote, Bethesda gave”

“Newe vyrtues forthe,—and felt her troublede

“wave.”

Thus drynke, thus lave—nor evermore lamente;

More sprynges but flowe pale anguish to befriende;

How faire the meed that followe the contente!

How bleste to live, and fynde suche anguish mende!

How bleste to dye, when sufferynge faithe makes

sure,

At lyfe's high founte, an everlastyng cure!

EDGAR.

K

FROM

F R O M
P A R T R I D G E - S H O O T I N G .
A N E C L O G U E .

LET the keen sportsman, rising with the dawn,
 Fear not to dash the dew drops on the lawn,
 But not unsocial ; let the cheerful friend,
 Alike equipt, the sylvan sport attend,
 Experienc'd well to take unerring aim,
 Retrieve lost birds, or mark the scatter'd game ;
 Yet who enlivening converse can support,
 And cheer with chat the intervals of sport.
 See, how with joy elate the pointers bound,
 And course the plain in many a festive round !
 Conscious of game, before their lord they play,
 And wanton in the beauty of the day.
 Vain is the sportsman's toil to hunt the meads,
 When now the covey in the stubble feeds :
 Try then the fields bespangled all with dew .
 Where late the wheat, or bearded barley grew :
 The busy dogs, inquisitive around,
 Sagacious quarter every inch of ground,
 Fleet o'er the furrows the soft breeze inhale,
 And raptur'd own the partridge-tainted gale ;
 But when warm scents assure the covey near,
 They hunt with caution, and they point with fear
 Lo ! faithful PHYLLIS on the rising lands
 Creeps wary, step by step, and cow'rs and stands !
 True to their guide, the stanch observant train
 Stop short, and fix like statues on the plain :

Can Ryfbrack's art, or Wilton's soft address,
 Such keen, attentive attitude express?
 One leg held up, with stiff-erected tails,
 They snuff the vapour, and enjoy the gales.
 Sportsmen, walk up---with caution spring the
 game---

Fluttering they rise---now take your certain aim
 Calm and compos'd; let each man fingle one,
 Nor maim the covey with the scattering gun;
 And lo! a brace falls headlong to the ground;
 Shot dead, they heard not the gun's thund'ring
 sound.

To seize the game the ready pointers stand,
 Then pleas'd resign it to the master's hand:
 Couch'd on the ground, by discipline subdu'd,
 They wait with patience for the charge renew'd.

Let not the belles, too delicate, report
 False of the gun, and term it cruel sport:
 The rising partridge, as in air he wheels,
 Receives the death-wound, which he never feels:
 But tender Cynthia, with the sweetest breath,
 Bids Rufo whip her sucking pigs to death;
 Trusts twelve dear linnets to a careless page,
 Who starves the lovely songsters in the cage;
 Or, more amazing, the good-natur'd fair
 Lets Damon die in absolute despair.

Away, my dogs! the covey still pursue,
 To the close covert of the copse they flew,
 Where we retrieve, and spring them one by one,
 Sweet transport to the lovers of the gun!
 O! trusty Don, suspicious of the copse,
 Tries ev'ry track---and now assur'd he stops---

True to their guide, the stanch observant train
 Stop short, and stand like statues on the plain.
 Now let the vigorous sons of sport divide,
 And close besiege the copse on every side:
 Up springs the bird, the shot far swifter flies,
 Arrests him in his course, he falls, he dies;
 Up springs his mate---one fatal corn of lead,
 True to its aim, has pierc'd his tender head;
 See, how he wheels, he tow'rs, and mounts on high
 Then leaves his life aloft, down-tumbling from the
 sky.

Again we charge, and new excursions make;
 We search the furze, the stubble, and the brake,
 The thistly pastures, and the grassy plains,
 And birds abundant recompense our pains;
 The shot glanc'd sudden intercepts their flight;
 * Our nets grow heavy, and our shot-bags light.

If fresh and active still, our beat we change,
 And seek the woodland wilds where pheasants range
 Th' attendants set our coupled spaniels free,
 Eager alike, for game and liberty.
 See! how transported o'er the fields they spread;
 Some force the copse, and some the thicket tread:

* The pheasant is a native of the country about
 Phasis, a river of Colchis, which rises on Mount
 Caucasus, and in its course forms a small island
 called also Phasis; whence Pheasants, according to
 Pliny, were first brought into Europe, and thence by the
 Grecians called Φασιανός. Colchis is the Mingrelia
 of the moderns, and lays upon the Euxine or Black Sea.

With nostrils curl'd, they wag the pliant tail ;
 Their merry notes avow the recent trail.
 But lo ! at hand a field of sable hue,
 Where stalky beans thick rang'd in order grew ;
 The spaniels thither push in haste away ;
 For there the pheasant ever loves to stray.
 Hark ! hark ! they quest : we briskly mend our pace,
 Lest the keen dogs too distant start the chase.
 Fix'd in attention now our joy runs high,
 And expectation sharpens every eye,
 Till bright in varied plumes, on whirring wings,
 From his rough haunt the gay cock-pheasant springs ;
 Chuckling he mounts, he tow'rs, with pride elate,
 But feels, alas ! the fiery wound of fate.

Enough ! enough ! no longer we pursue
 The scatter'd covey in the tainted dew.
 No more we charge, nor new excursions make,
 Nor beat the copse, the bean-field, nor the brake.
 O pleasing sport ! far better priz'd than wealth !
 Thou spring of spirits, and thou source of health.

Forbear, my dogs ! now mid-day heats prevail,
 The scent grows languid in the sultry gale ;
 Herds seek the shades where cooling fountains dwell,
 And sweet the music of yon noon-tide bell.

THE SPORTSMAN:

OFT when I've seen the new-fledg'd morn arise
 And spread its pinions to the polar skies,
 Th' expanded air with gelid fragrance fan,
 Brace the slack nerves, and animate the man ;
 Swift from the college, and from cares I flew,
 (For studious cares solicit something new)
 From tinkling bells that wake the truant's fears,
 And letter'd trophies of three thousand years ;
 Thro' length'ning streets with sanguine hopes I glide
 The fatal tube depending at my side ;
 No busy vender dins with clam'rous call,
 No ratling carriage drive me to the wall ;
 The close-compacted shops, their commerce laid,
 In silence frown like mansions of the dead---
 Save, where the sooty-shrowded wretch cries "sweep"
 Or drowsy watchman stalks in broken sleep,
 'Scap'd from the hot-brain'd youth of midnight fame
 Whose mirth is mischief, and whose glory shame-
 Save, that from yonder stew the batter'd beau,
 With tott'ring steps comes reeling to and fro--
 Mark, how the live-long revels of the night
 Stare in his face, and stupify his sight !
 Mark the loose frame, yet impotently bold,
 'Twixt man and beast, divided empire hold !
 Amphibious wretch ! the prey of passion's tide,
 The wreck of riot, and the mock of pride.

But we, my friend, with aims far diff'rent borne,
 Seek the fair fields, and court the blushing morn;
 With sturdy sinews, brush the frozen snow,
 While crimson colours on our faces glow,
 Since life is short, prolong it while we can,
 And vindicate the ways of health to man.

Onward our course diversify'd we bend,
 And right and left, with anxious care attend;
 The poring spaniel, studious as he goes,
 Scents ev'ry leaf that on the margin grows,
 Sudden he stops!—he eyes the plashy spring!
 The frightened snipe darts upward on the wing,
 With shrill-ton'd pipe implores the passive air,
 In vain! for death e'en persecutes him there—
 Another springs! but happier in his flight,
 'Scapes the loud gun, and vanishes from sight.

The sport begun.

Heav'n! what delights my active mind renew,
 When out-spread nature opens to my view,
 The carpet-cover'd earth of spangled white,
 The vaulted sky, just ting'd with purple light;
 The busy blackbird hops from spray to spray,
 The gull, self-balanc'd, floats his liquid way;
 The morning breeze in milder air retires,
 And rising rapture all my bosom fires.

While fervid flights my lifted fancy takes,
 The wary woodcock rustles thro' the brakes,
 With hasty pinions wings his rapid course,
 'Till death pursues him, arm'd with double force,
 Each gun discharg'd, and conscious of its aim,
 Asserts the prize, and holds the dubious claim;

'Till chance decides the long contested spoil,
Proclaims the victor, and rewards his toil.

His luckless fate, immediate to repair,
The baffled sportsman beats with forward care,
Each bush explores, that plats the hedge with pride,
Brooks at its feet, and brambles at its side—
Another bird, just flushing at the sound,
Scarce tops the fence, then tumbles to the ground.

Ah ! what avails him now the varnish'd die,
The tortoise-colour'd back, the brilliant eye,
The pointed bill, that steer'd his vent'rous way
From northern climes, and dar'd the boist'rous sea;
To milder shores in vain these pinions sped,
Their beauty blasted, and their vigour fled.

Thus the poor peasant, struggling with distress,
Whom rig'rous laws, and rigid hunger press,
In western regions seeks a milder state,
Braves the broad ocean, and resigns to fate ;
Scarce well arriv'd, and lab'ring to procure
Life's free subsistence, and retreats secure,
Sudden ! he sees the roving Indian nigh,
Fate in his hand, and ruin in his eye—
Scar'd at the sight, he runs, he bounds, he flies,
'Till arrow-pierc'd, he falls—he faints—he dies,
Unhappy man ! who no extreme could shun,
By tyrants banish'd, and by chance undone ;
In vain ! fair virtue fann'd the free-born flame,
Now fall'n alike to fortune and to fame.

These to prevent, be still the statesman's end,
And this the task of sovereigns to attend,

Mine the care, to range this ample field,
 Try what its springs, and what its thickets yield,
 Pursue the game that to the skies aspire,
 And purge the Æther with successive fire,
 Spring o'er the fence that bars my active mind,
 And rouse my friend that ling'ring stays behind,
 Guard the steep bank, to catch with eager pains
 The forward bound, that scarce the margin gains;
 Or loudly laugh, when diligently nice,
 He backward slides, and bumps the crackling ice.

And thou, dear spaniel! friend in other form!
 Obsequious come, thy duty to perform,
 Whose fond affection ever glows the same,
 Lives in each look, and vibrates thro' thy frame;
 And thou, dear pointer! never devious stray,
 But search the plains inquisitively gay,
 With length'ned side, and sapient nose inhale
 The floating vapour of the scented gale—
 Oft have I seen thee, when the balanc'd year
 By Libra weigh'd rewarded Ceres' care,
 Thro' new-thorn fields with active vigour bound,
 Snuff the fresh air, and traverse all the ground;
 Or cautious tread, and step by step survey,
 With keenest attitude, the tim'rous prey;
 Then statue-like, with lifted foot proclaim
 The partridge near, and certify the game---
 Where ere I range, whatever sports pursue,
 Be still attendant, and be still in view.

The day advanc'd, and waning to the west,
 Demands a thought for respite and for rest,

Back

Back to the city calls a sudden eye,
Where vary'd beauties all in prospect lie;
The pointed steeples menacing the skies,
The splendid domes that emulously rise.

These to behold, may please the vacant mind,
More pleasing far the cottage of the hind,
That yonder smokes, by russet hawthorn hedg'd,
By hay-yard back'd, and side-long cow-house edg'd
Oft have I there my thirst and toil allay'd,
Approach'd as now, and dar'd the dog that bay'd;
The smiling matron joys to see her guests,
Sweeps the broad hearth, and hears our free requests
Repels her little brood that throng too nigh,
The homely board prepares, the napkin dry,
The new-made butter, and the rasher rare,
The new-laid egg, that's dress'd with nicest care;
The milky store for cream collected first,
Crowns the clean noggin, and allays our thirst;
While crackling faggots bright'ning as they burn;
Shew the neat cupboard, and the cleanly churn;
The plaintive hen, the interloping goose,
The lamkin dear, that frisks about the house---
The modest maiden rises from her wheel,
Who unperceiv'd a silent look would steal;
Call'd she attends, assists with artless grace,
The bloom of nature flushing on her face,
That scorns the die, which pallid pride can lend,
And all the arts which luxury attend.

With fuel laden from the brambly rock,
Lo! forward comes the father of his flock,

Of honest
Remarks
When m
and man
Till risin
Abridg'd
Yet than
He seeks
Then tal
What flo
While
The hast
A small
And man
Nor you
The stat
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By art u
To you
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Secure f
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Mourn'
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O Imagin
How m

Of honest front :---salutes with rustick gait,
 Remarks our fare, and boasts his former state,
 When many a cow, nor long the time remov'd,
 And many a calf his spacious pasture rov'd,
 Till rising rents reduc'd them now to three,
 Abridg'd his farm, and fix'd him as we see :
 Yet thanks his God, what fails him in his wealth
 He seeks from labour, and he gains from health :
 Then talks of sport; how many wild-ducks seen!
 What flocks of widgeons too had fledg'd the green.

While thus amus'd, and gladden'd with our lot,
 The hasty ev'ning calls us from the cot;
 A small gratuity dilates their heart,
 And many a blessing follows as we part.
 Nor you, ye proud! disdain their state to hear,
 The state of nature crowns their frugal cheer;
 Transmitted pure from Patriarchal times,
 By art unfashion'd to corruption's climes---
 To you unknown their labours and their race,
 Alike unknown their innocence and peace;
 Secure from danger, as remov'd from fame,
 Their lives calm current flows without a name.

Now had the twilight, veil'd in gloomy gray,
 Mourn'd the departure of retiring day,
 A darker hue the face of nature wears,
 And scarce distinct the distant town appears---
 Back to our mind, in swift succession throng
 (To cheat the time and steal the road along)
 The various sports of all the summer past,
 When ling'ring long-vacation came at last;
 Imagination fondly sports to tell,
 How many grouse, how many partridge fell.

The

The rising moon, with delegated sway,
 Supplies the radiance of the distant day,
 Reveals the various objects that we meet,
 And all the busy tumults of the street---
 With head-long pace the vagrant hawker scours,
 And bloody news from lungs horrific pours
 The dull, discordant ballad-notes annoy,
 That mock the crowd, with love's fantastic joy;
 The cumb'rous coach, with blazon'd pomp that shews
 Where pamper'd pride and indolence repose;
 While close behind, the shiv'ring female strays,
 Parted from virtue, innocence and ease---
 She once the darling of her mother's arms,
 Her father's pride, and blest with blooming charms,
 Thro' all the village known for spotless fame,
 Fair was her beauty, fairer still her name;
 'Till the sly tempter urg'd insidious suit,
 And lur'd her weakness to forbidden fruit;
 There perish'd grace, her guardian honor fled,
 And sad remembrance mourns each blessing---dead!
 Expell'd the paradise of native sway,
 She wanders now to ev'ry vice a prey---
 A prey to yonder terror of the night,
 (Avert, ye Gods! such monsters from my sight!)
 The bully dire: whose front the furies swell,
 And scars dishonest mark the son of hell---
 In vain! she shrinks to shun his luckless pace,
 Aw'd by the terrors of his vengeful face;

Heav'n! how unlike the pure, the tranquil scene,
 Where rural mirth, and rural manners reign;
 Where simple cheer disclaims the cares of wealth,
 And fresh'ning gales diffuse the glow of health.

NEW-

N E W - Y E A R O D E,

TO HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY KING BLA-
DUD OF BATH.

ILLUSTRIOUS Bladud, best of kings,
Though thou can'st make no gracious speeches,
Thy stream the gift of healing brings,
In spite of all the leagues of leeches.

When this blest well one virtue more,
The grace of Helicon shall give,
The grateful bard, though not before,
May learn to praise, who learns to live.

Here patriots, worn with wasting care
Of poor Britannia on the brink;
Here matron sage, and maiden fair,
And deists here believe and drink.

The sacred prelate here suspends
His pious views of new translation,
And here the statesman condescends
To save himself to sink the nation.

The wither'd beau, the gouty cit,
The pamper'd knight, the priest, the peer,
The swaggering biter, and the bit,
Fantastic groupe! are gather'd here.

All,

All, helpless babes of fainted Hoyle,
 With the most fervent zeal adore;
 All, as spadille attacks the spoil,
 Spadille's protecting aid implore.

Propitious to thy monarch's will,
 O boiling wave, do not desist
 To keep alive aunt Deborah still,
 And seat her soberly at whist.

Ah! did thy fount the cup supply,
 That blots the conscious memory out,
 Full soon the current would run dry,
 And greedy votaries lick the spout.

His lordship, with the filken string,
 Might then evade the poison'd dart,
 Which keeps him ever on the wing,
 Flying the horrors of his heart.

But all that this fine town bestows,
 To dress, to dance, to laugh, to fret,
 Nor giddy ball, nor tawdry clothes,
 Can teach the guilty to forget.

S O N G,

WRITTEN ABOUT TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY
 YEARS AGO.

I.

I Cannot eat but little meat,
 My stomach is not good;
 But sure I think, that I can drink
 With him that wears a hood.

Though

Though I go bare, take ye no care—
 I am nothing a colde;
 stufte my skin so full within
 Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
 Both foot and hand go cold:
 But belly, God send thee good ale inoughe,
 Whether it be new or old.

II.

I love no rost, but a nut-brown toste,
 And a crab laid in the fire;
 A little bread shall do me stead,
 Much bread I not desire.

No froste nor snow, no winde, I trow,
 Can hurt me if I wolde,
 I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt,
 Of joly good ale and old.

Chorus, &c.

III.

And Tib, my wife, that, as her life,
 Loveth well good ale to seek,
 Full ofte drinks shee, till ye may see
 The teares run down her cheeke:
 Then doth she howle to me the bowle,
 Even as a mault worm shuld,
 And saith, sweet-heart, I took my part,
 Of this joly good ale and old.

Chorus, &c.

IV.

IV.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
 Even as good fellows should do,
 They shall not misse to have the blisse
 Good ale doth bring men to :
 And all poor souls that have scowered bowles,
 Or them that have lustely trolde,
 God save the lives of them and their wives,
 Whether they be young or old.

FROM THE GREEK OF POSIDIPPUS:

A DIALOGUE.

T H E

TRAVELLER AND STATUE OF OPPORTUNITY.

Trav. SAY, Image, by what sculptor's hand,
 In breathing marble here you stand?

Opp. By his, whose art, to thousands known,
 Bids Jove and Pallas live in stone :
 But, seldom seen by human eyes,
 I claim the kindred of the skies ;
 By few I'm found, tho' great my fame,
 And Opportunity's my name.

Trav. Say, if the cause you may reveal,
 Why thus supported on a wheel?

Opp. The wheel my rapid course implies ;
 Like that with constant speed it flies.

Trav. Wings on your feet ! *Opp.* I'm prone to soar ;
 Neglected, I return no more.

Trav. Vo

Trav. But why behind depriv'd of hair ?

Opp. Escap'd, that none may seize me there.

Trav. Your locks unbound conceal your eyes !

Opp. Because I chiefly court disguise.

Trav. Why coupled with that solemn fair,
Of down-cast mien and mournful air ?

Opp. *Repentance*, she (the stone replies)
My substitute behind me flies :
Observe, and her you'll ever see,
Pursue the wretch depriv'd of me ;
By her corrected, mortals mourn
For what they've done, and what forborne.
Ask me no more, for, while you stay,
I vanish unperceiv'd away.

AN HUMBLE PRAYER.

FULL humble is my prayer I ween—

For humble I have always been.

Far from the wishes to be rich,

I ask not, for I need not much :

No nabob's wealth, no fav'rite's place,

Nor royal gifts, nor royal grace :

Give me, O Fortune, give me clear

Three hundred sterling pounds a year ;

And give a friend, to lounge and talk,

And lean my arm on when I walk.

Full humble is my pray'r, I ween—

For humble I have always been.

soar ;

THE TRIUMPH OF CERES:

OR THE

H A R V E S T - H O M E.

TO THE TUNE OF "WHAT BEAUTEIOUS SCENE
INCHANT MY SIGHT!"

WHAT chearful sounds salute our ears,
And echo o'er the lawn!

Behold! the loaded car appears,
In joyful triumph drawn:

The nymphs and swains, a jovial band
Still shouting as they come,
With rustic instruments in hand,
Proclaim the harvest-home.

The golden sheaves, pil'd up on high,
Within the barns are stor'd;
The careful hind, with secret joy
Exulting, views his hoard.

His labours past, he counts his gains;
And, freed from anxious care,
His casks are broach'd; the sun-burnt swains
His rural plenty share.

In dance and song the night is spent;
All ply the spicy bowl:
And jests and harmless merriment
Expand the artless soul.

Young Colin whispers Rosalind,
 Who still reap'd by his side;
 And plights his troth, if she prove kind,
 To take her for his bride.

For joys like these, through circling years,
 Their toilsome task they tend:
 The hind successive labours bears,
 In prospect of the end;

In spring, or Winter, sows his seed,
 Manures or tills the soil;
 In summer various cares succeed;
 But harvest crowns his toil.

TO THE PARRET*.

PARRET!—whose artless windings lead
 The ling'ring eye from mead to mead,
 Where nature spreads, so fair to see,
 Her scenes of pure simplicity;
 Oft to thy banks, when life was new,
 Thy little votary fondly flew,
 And hovering round thy pastoral stream,
 Indulg'd young Fancy's earliest dream;
 Full oft' with fix'd attention stood,
 And gazing on the restless flood,
 Saw waves on waves successive throng,
 And wonder'd how they flow'd so long!
 In simple childhood's careless days,
 These scenes could strange emotions raise;

* The Parret is a rivulet near Sherborne.

Could wake the smile—could call the tear—
 Exalt with hope, or sink with fear :
 Even now, when nature wakes my heart,
 And weans it from the toys of art,
 By some resistless magic led,
 I twine thy willows round my head,
 And stealing thro' thy fair domain,
 Bid memory paint yet once again,
 Yet once again, those scenes belov'd,
 When here with innocence I rov'd :
 Or, stretch'd beneath yon' bloomy spray,
 Saw pleasure lead the hours away.

But, ah ! no more, sweet stream no more
 Will pleasure listen to my lore ;
 She flies my steps on wings of wind,
 And leaves me all forlorn behind.
 The fairy scenes of fancy fled,
 Each flattering expectation dead.
 Thee I revisit all in vain,
 Seeking short solace of my pain ;
 For at each scene that memory paints,
 My sickening, sickening spirit faints.
 PARRET ! if e'er thy banks along
 Sweet Echo learn one simple song,
 O teach the pratling nymph to tell
 How transport rose, how transport fell.
 O teach her to repeat aloud,
 That pleasure's like a summer cloud :
 The fleeting form of painted air,
 Is gone whilst we pronounce it fair.

E. L.

PROLOGUE

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PROLOGUE TO THE PLAYS AT H——.

ACTED NOVEMBER 24th AND 25th, 1774.

SPOKEN BY LORD P——.

IN times when gloomy superstition reign'd,
 Though blackest deeds our ruder annals stain'd,
 Play was deem'd of all bad things the worst;
 And players, without hope of mercy, curst.
 Yet oft ambition or misguided zeal,
 Would revenge employ the murderer's steel.
 The same fair saint has mix'd the deadly bowl
 That founded convents to ensure her soul.
 Born under easy pleasure's golden ray;
 We think no crime to see or act a play.
 But in no real tragedies engage,
 Years is we freely own a comic age.
 Unhappy marriages admit a few——
 An innocent adultery or two *——
 The fiercest effort of our party rage,
 Lasts but an hour or two upon the stage.
 Like skilful actors, we find ways and means
 To settle all disputes behind the scenes.
 But if no scruples——players still have fears,
 Ours are of critic eyes, and critic ears.
 Though none believe it wicked——some may say,
 'Tis foolish in us to enact a play.

* Alluding to the Play of the Innocent Adultery, or unhappy Marriage.

And what is worse, much worse, 'tis ten to one,
 That all agree it's miserably done.
 But pray, firs, view things in their proper light,
 We mean to pass away a winter's night.
 No farce we play,——do make one just reflexion
 To catch your votes * for this or that election.
 Freemen, and freeholders, our harmless speech,
 Would not your smallest privilege impeach;
 Members, to you, who shudder at a bribe,
 We bring no hard conditions to subscribe.
 But much we wish to be in your good graces,
 Be just then, candid, wise and keep your places,
 Without its folly, or grotesque parade,
 A play's at least a sort of masquerade.
 And though more splendid you have seen, peute
 You're truly welcome to our Fete-champetre.
 But if instead of forcing you to weep,
 Our tragic airs dispose to laugh or sleep,
 Should we in comedy excite your pity,
 Subjects of wit instead of being witty;
 Make aukward attitudes, ungraceful starts,
 Misplace our action, or forget our parts,
 Mangle the poet's meaning or his rhyme,
 Or speak, or strike, or die before our time,
 And sin in short 'gainst all dramatic laws,
 We crave your pardon——and excuse applause.

* Part of the house stands in Warwickshire, and part
 Worcestershire; and the polls for the two counties were th
 taking at Worcester and Warwick.

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THE FOLLOWING PRETTY VERSES ARE TAKEN FROM WALPOLE'S ANTIQUITIES, AND WERE NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED. SIR HENRY LEA, THE BRAVE ANCESTOR OF THE PRESENT LITCHFIELD FAMILY, WAS MASTER OF THE ARMOURY TO QUEEN ELIZABETH, AND MADE A VOW TO PRESENT HIMSELF ANNUALLY AT THE TILT, ARMED, THERE TO PERFORM IN HONOUR OF HER MAJESTY'S ACCESSION TO THE THRONE. BECOMING AT LENGTH VERY OLD, HE RESIGNED HIS OFFICE TO THE EARL OF CUMBERLAND WITH GREAT POMP, AND ON THIS OCCASION PRESENTED THE FOLLOWING VERSES TO HER MAJESTY.

MY golden locks time hath to silver turn'd,
 (Oh time too swift, and swiftneſs never ceaſing!)
 My youth 'gainſt age, and age at youth have ſpurn'd,
 But ſpurn'd in vain—Youth vaineth by increaſing.
 Beauty, ſtrength, and youthe, flowers fading beene;
 Duty, faith, and love, are rootes and ever greene.

My helmet now ſhall make an hive for bees,
 And lovers ſongs ſhall turne to holy pſalmes:
 A man at armes muſt now ſit on his knees,
 And feed on pray'rs, that are old ages almes.
 And ſo from court to cottage I depart,
 My faint is ſure of mine unſpotted heart.

And when I sadly sit in homely cell,
 I'll teach my swains this carrol for a song,
 Blest be the hearts that think my sovaine well,
 Curs'd be the soules that think to do her wrong,
 Goddesse, vouchsafe this aged man his right,
 To be your beadsman now, that was your knight.

L I N E S

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK,

U P O N T H E

BACK OF HIS OWN PICTURE, WHICH WAS SENT
 LATELY TO A GENTLEMAN OF THE UNIVER-
 SITY OF OXFORD.

THE mimic form on t'other side,
 That you accepted, is my pride;
 Resembles one so prompt to change,
 Through every mortal whim to range,
 You'd swear the lute so like the case,
 The mind as various as the face.
 Yet to his friends be this his fame,
 His heart's eternally the same.

MERCY,

M E R C Y,

A N E S S A Y,

ON THE FREQUENCY AND CRUELTY OF PUBLIC
EXECUTIONS, MOST HUMBL Y ADDRESS ED TO
THE K I N G.

—————The quality of Mercy is not stain'd,
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heav'n
Upon the place beneath——it is twice blest'd,
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch, better than his crown ;
It is an attribute to God himself——
And earthly pow'r doth then shew likest God's,
When Mercy seasons Justice.

SHAKESPEAR.

THE author of the following lines, most sincerely regrets, that his abilities are by no means equal to the undertaking—yet willing to enforce the impression of a melancholy truth, that the lives of men are too often wantonly sacrificed to the severity of the law ; he has endeavoured strongly to mark the cruelty and horror of those public executions, for which England is remarkably famed, beyond all other nations——With sorrow he adds, he has small hopes of moving those breasts, untouch'd by the eloquence of a Boccaria,—whose arguments,
(nay

(nay more than arguments) whose truths have had little effect on unfeeling man.

Should the punishment of death be laid aside, (it may be demanded) what shall be done with the crowd of wretches, that fall under the sentence of the law? At present, I shall on this point only throw together a few loose hints, 'till some effectual scheme be plann'd—Transportation, would take off great numbers; others might many ways be disposed of, to the advantage of the kingdom. Some, sentenced as in Germany, to work in mines; others might be employed in many trades prejudicial to the life of man; and yet, which, interest tempts our youth to undertake—one great cause of depopulation; such trades are, the blowing of glass, melting of lead, and preparing white lead, &c. &c. Criminals convicted of less crimes, might be chain'd in his Majesty's dock-yards, and condemned to saw wood for a term of years, or employed in repairing the high-roads, &c. &c.

To the above plan of punishments, one objection has long been made; that no man in this free country can be treated as a slave; to this I reply; (tho' the absurdity of the argument scarcely needs the trouble of refutation) That every debtor in England is actually a slave, and every reputed felon, actually confined, with a rigour unknown to slavery, even before his guilt is proved.—If the laws of freedom will allow the innocent to be chained in a damp dungeon, sure they may allow the guilty to be chained out of prison. But entirely to enerve the objection, a bill might be proposed—purporting, that, when-

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ever an individual in such and such points, violates the laws, from that instant he is no longer entitled to their protection; consequently no more a free-man, he becomes an outlaw, and as such may be treated as a slave. This method would not only punish the vice, but the cause of the vice also; for 'tis a fact, most vicious inclinations proceed from idleness; and to an idle man, perpetual labour is infinitely more dreadful than death. The example would be a constant and miserable one, to deter others from the commission of those crimes, the consequences of which were, a terrible, a perpetual punishment.

Russia, Tuscany, and Naples, have reformed their sanguinary laws, and set a noble example to other kings, and kingdoms; they have restrained the sword of cruel justice, nor have crimes in those states, since that period, been observed to multiply.

To a monarch, justly famed for the noblest of all virtues, Mercy, I have presumed to address the following lines;—may his heart be open to the call of humanity, and his ears attentive to the voice of despair—Let him turn his eyes from the splendor of the throne, to the gloom of the dungeon;---there let him view the unhappy victims of severe and unrelenting law, torn trembling, frantic, to the place of execution;---let him feel, let him speak, and murder authorized by law, shall cease.---How then would posterity bless a George's reign; how would future historians celebrate the royal philosopher, who, instructed by reason and mercy, reformed a barbarous and sanguinary code of laws.

TO

T O T H E K I N G.

A Youth,---the meanest of the muse's train,
 To thee, dread Sire, presents this artless strain,
 Humbly he hopes---the first and best of kings,
 Will deign to listen to the truths he sings.
 When heav'n decreed you to adorn a throne,
 Justice and Mercy, mark'd you, for their own ;
 And spite of faction's voice, it is confess'd,
 That while you reign, Britannia must be bless'd.
 Yet sad she mourns,---and has for mourning cause,
 A slave to stern and sanguinary laws ; 10
 See in the dungeon's gloom, and dreary cell,
 The sons of sorrow and repentance dwell ;
 While with swift step draws on the fatal hour,
 Which yields them victims to the law's stern pow'r,
 For what small crimes, our laws un pitying doom
 These hapless wretches, to th' eternal tomb !
 Yet one great pow'r all-seeing and all-just,
 Form'd them and you, from the same worthless dust ;
 Endow'd you both, with reason and with sense,
 To chance alone you owe the difference. 20

Of want impatient, and of spirit fierce,
 The wretch, * who on the heath demands my purse;
 Had he in higher rank been plac'd by fate,
 Had been some godlike hero, brave and great,

* The characters of a Turpin or M———, of a Rice
 or H———, differ little.

Tho' now by all despis'd, his country's shame,
 He then had been the fav'rite child of fame;
 Some Cæsar, by th' enraged gods employ'd,
 He greatly then whole kingdoms had destroy'd.

The wretch who skill'd in fraud, unskill'd in law,
 Cheats the unfeeling miser of a straw; * 30

(For which so trivial, and so slight offence,
 He dies; a most unequal recompence!)

Had he, in higher rank, been plac'd by fate,
 Had been some Machiavel, and rul'd the state.—
 Forgive, dread Sire, judge not my muse too free,
 I plead a noble cause—humanity;

Mercy, that meek-ey'd maid, my song indites,
 And what she prompts, her feeling poet writes.

Was I a monarch—ere I sign'd the word,
 That gave the victim to the law's sharp sword; 40

Thus I'd reflect---this man, perchance, has felt
 Wrongs—such as would the firmest virtue melt;

Perchance, indignant felt his spirits bow,
 Beneath a weight of undeserved woe:

Has seen his much lov'd wife, his children lie,
 Wasted by grief and pining poverty:

Then would I listen to mild mercy's voice,
 Unlock his chains, and bid despair rejoice.

Let blood for vengeance call, let murderers die,
 And the curst villain stain'd with perjury †. 50

* Many have been executed for the most trifling forgeries.

† By perjury is meant bearing false witness against the innocent, with a premeditated design to take away their lives.

Why the poor wretch, * who by fond nature led,
 Steals for his starving child, one crust of bread?
 'Tis thine---Dread Sire, each circling year to save
 A thousand wretches, from th' untimely grave:
 O glorious pow'r! which kings alone enjoy,
 Like God to pardon, not like man destroy.

'Ere since I trod this pilgrimage of woe,
 Man have I mark'd, of man the bitterest foe;
 His nature prone to ill, averse to good,
 Relentless, savage, thirsting after blood: 60
 Invented soon the gibbet, rack, and wheel,
 The flaming faggot, and the torturing steel.
 Here let me paint, scenes of such horrid woe,
 That man, unfeeling as he is, may pity know.—
 Where † with the gentle waves of placid Soane,
 Unites th' impetuous stream of snow-fed Rhone;
 On the dire scaffold plac'd, a youth ‡ I saw,
 The hapless victim of inhuman law—
 By the rue torture, every nerve unstrung,
 His limbs distorted and disjointed hung; 70
 His hand dislever'd, on a spear they bore,
 And from his mouth, his quivering tongue they tore:

* Wednesday, February 15th 1775, William Morley was executed at Tyburn, for robbing John Head, a farmer's boy of sixpence; at the same time were executed Thomas Free and John Brown, for robbing a man of six shillings.—N. B. Morley had a good character, and was universally pitied.

† Lyons.

‡ This execution, or rather this scene of infernal cruelty, was actually performed at Lyons, in the year 1770, on a youth of twenty-five, convicted of murdering his father;—he deserved death,—but could any crime merit such wanton torture? or could any but devils, inflict, or order it to be inflicted?

Bound

Bound on the wheel, each slow repeated stroke,
 His mangled limbs, with keenest anguish broke;
 There left expos'd, twelve ling'ring hours he lay,
 To phrenzy, horror, and despair, a prey.
 Ye, who by bloodshed, keep your slaves in awe,
 Ye stern interpreters of barbarous law,—
 Say why these torments? do they merit death?—
 Take by the gentlest means, their forfeit breath: 80
 When we behold a man, such torture prove,
 His crimes forgot, his sufferings pity move.

Where dwell Helvetia's sons, a martial race,
 Yet rude and savage, as their native place;
 Far in a vale—there liv'd a gentle maid *
 Whose easy faith some flattering youth betray'd;
 Pregnant—her father's cot, she hapless fled
 To the lone woods, by fear and madness led;
 Deliver'd there—frantic, despairing, wild, 89
 Expos'd to chance and heav'n, she left her child:
 For this she died, the law was too severe,
 Pity on her sad grave drops many a tear.——

* This unfortunate girl, had no intention to murder her child, nor did she,—it being found and preserved: It is to be observed, an abandoned profligate will never destroy her child; she has no reputation to lose; it is the timorous and modest only.—The Hospital des Infants Trouvés at Paris receives all children, without any questions, or exceptions, and there is not (I believe) an instance of a bastard's being murder'd in that metropolis, since the institution of that charity.—What a shame! that our foundling hospital is rendered useless, by the avarice of ——

Fell superstition, in religion's * name,
 First dar'd to light the sanguinary flame;
 And arm'd with terror, and the church's rod,
 Plead'd the order of an injur'd God.
 No sex, no age it spar'd, but millions † gave
 Deluded victims, to th' insatiate grave.
 'Till mild philosophy's instructive page,
 Enlighten'd more and more each rising age;
 By slow degrees, pure reason's radiant light,
 Dispers'd of ignorance, the gloomy night:
 From the fair day stern persecution fled,
 In the convent's gloom, conceal'd her head:
 As much reluctant the curs'd fiend retires,
 She yields her sword, and quenches all her fires.

Then Boccaria rose,—immortal name,
 Enroll'd for ever, in the list of fame:
 He dar'd to plead, for innocence distress'd,
 For hapless man by cruel laws oppress'd.
 When those who've triumph'd in the bloody plain,
 Have wasted kingdoms, and have millions slain;
 Their days of rapine, and of murder past,
 To death their laurels shall resign at last;
 When they by the much injur'd world forgot,
 Shall in some ruin'd tomb neglected rot;
 Then thy fair name,—if mercy ought can give,
 Shall in man's grateful mind for ever live.—

* It is to be observ'd, that religion, not much to the honor
 of its ministers, first used the horrid punishment of fire—and
 to the inquisition we owe the invention of most instruments of
 torture.

“Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!”

† Witness the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, at Paris; of
 the Protestants in Ireland; of the hapless natives of America,
 &c.

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 times ha

Thee—they'll adore, their guardian and their friend,
Who bade inhuman law to mercy bend ; 120

Thee—who to man's astonish'd mind display'd

The wanton havock, cruel justice made ;

Lavish of blood, her sword she wildly dealt,

Its bitter edge, wrong'd innocence oft felt ;

Till mercy hast'ning from the pitying skies,

Millions to save—bid Baccaria rise.

He spoke, and bid the sons of grief rejoice,

He spoke, and farthest Russia heard his voice :

From the proud Baltic, to the Euxine Bay,

Blest climes ! which own a Catherine's gentle
fway. 130

No more death triumph's leagu'd with law—no more

The sword of justice, reeks distain'd with gore.

Mercy, in barbarous Moscow, rais'd the throne,

And call'd the happy regions round, her own.

Thence spread to where with every beauty grac'd,

Midst happiest climes, Parthenope * is plac'd ;

Where on fair Baiæ's ever peaceful shore,

No tempests howl, no wild waves furious roar ;

She bade stern law depart those realms of peace,

And justice rob'd in blood her slaughter cease. 140

Where'er mild mercy came, by reason led,

All persecution and dark vengeance fled ;

Nor let them fly—meek nymph, thy gentle reign,

Extend o'er mourning Albion's sea-girt plain ;

With conquest, glory, arts, and riches blest'd,

She mourns by laws, inhuman laws oppress'd.

* Since the publishing Baccaria's book, no criminal has been
executed either in Russia, or Tuscany, and few in Naples ; yet
crimes have not been found to encrease.

Each day—she views her sons condemn'd to death,
 To the stern sentence yield their struggling breath.
 Shall barbarous Russia, shall proud Naples show,
 What Albion, fam'd for mercy, ought to do? 150

'Tis thine, dread Sire! whose mild and generous
 breast,

Feels for the wretch, and pities the distress'd;
 'Tis thine—to soothe the horrid shrieks of woe,
 To bid the streams of blood no longer flow—
 Speak, and thy voice, th' impending sword shall stay,
 Speak, and thy voice, retards the fatal day.

Inspir'd by mercy—at thy feet I fall,
 For no one friend I plead—I plead for all;
 For all—whom the stern law may henceforth doom
 'To the sad horrors of an early tomb. 160

Let me not vainly plead—cou'd my weak song,
 That rolls its languid numbers rude along,
 Paint with the life and fire, the theme requires
 All that mild mercy in my soul inspires;
 Still—as I sketch'd these scenes of horrid woe,
 From thy full eyes, the generous tears would flow.
 Tho' all enervate—may these lines have force,
 To stay of death by law, the rapid course;
 My labour's paid, should they, perchance, ere save
 One hapless victim, from th' untimely grave.

TO HIM ONLY WHO FEELS THE JUST-
NESS OF THE CHARACTER.

IF yet the mole that heaves thy dirty breast,
Restless itself, can let another rest;—
If yet those thoughts can form, those optics know,
A sight more grateful than domestic woe;—
A while the licence of thy tongue command,
Nor call fresh thunders from an injur'd hand!
Survey the world!—glance round those friendly
eyes,
And mark what themes for gen'rous pleasure rise!
To charm thy soul benign, the fates agree;
Waves, ruin, sickness, militate for thee;
For thee the founder'd bark no more returns;
For thee, the widow, thee, the orphan mourns;
For thee, detraction taints the virgin's name;
For thee, the plund'rer lights a midnight flame;
For thee, are silent Gray's and Goldsmith's lyres;
For thee, 'midst wealth and honour,———expires!
While casual woes thus heap thy gloomy store,
Say, malice! would'st thou fashion more?
Still can'st thou twine misfortune's thorny wreath?
Still rise unsated from a feast of death?
Still, wrapt in clouds, with poison'd shafts destroy,
And scowl around the pale sepulchral joy?
Could'st thou bid sleep each manly couch depart,
Or lodge a vulture in each female heart,

No public triumph would these acts attend;—

Thou dar'st not shew the undissembled friend:

Adieu! and bless the pen, whose modest aim
Assails thy temper, but protects thy name.—

Controul thy tongue; compose thy ruffled brow;

While conscience tells thee—not a friend hast thou.

Too well thou know'st thy savage reign is past;

Nor folly's self will flatter thee at last.—

Then grant to innocence a transient ease,

Nor meanly venture where thou can'st not please;

No more the curse of libell'd worth ensure,

Accuse the guiltless, or insult the poor;

Its honest gains let trade in comfort share,

Nor envy women for the lace they wear;

For know—in rags shall truth conspicuous shine,

While treachery sculks beneath a robe like thine.—

These careless lines, when ——— sets them free,

Obscure to many, will be clear to thee.

T O C Æ L I A.

WHILE blooming youth and gay delight

Sit on thy rosy cheeks confest,

Thou hast, my dear, undoubted right,

To triumph o'er this destin'd breast:

My reason bends to what thy eyes ordain,

For I was born to love, and thou to reign.

But would you meanly thus rely

On pow'r you know I must obey,

Exert a legal tyranny,

And do an ill because you may?

Still must I thee as Atheists heav'n adore?
 Not see thy mercy and yet dread thy pow'r?

Take heed, my dear, youth flies apace;

As well as Cupid, Time is blind,

Soon must those glories of thy face,

The fate of vulgar beauty find:

The thousand loves that arm thy potent eye,

Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each frown

A hateful wrinkle more appears;

The putting peevish humours on,

Seems but the sad effect of years:

Kindness itself too weak a charm will prove,

To raise the feeble fires of aged love:

Forc'd compliments and formal bows,

Will shew thee just above neglect,

The heat with which thy lover glows,

Will settle into cold neglect.

A talking dull Platonic I shall turn,

Learn to be civil when I cease to burn.

Then shun the ill, and know, my dear,

Kindness and constancy will prove,

The only pillars fit to bear

So vast a weight as that of love:

If thou canst wish to make my flames endure,

Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.

Haste, Cælia, haste, while youth invites,

Obey kind Cupid's present voice,

Fill every sense with soft delights,

And give thy soul a loose to joys,

Let

Let millions of repeated blessings prove,
That thou all kindness art, as I all love.

Be mine and only mine ; take care

Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams to guide
To me alone, nor go so far,

As liking any youth beside :

What men e'er court thee, fly them, and believe
They're serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve !

So shall I court thy dearest truth,

When beauty ceases to engage ;

So, thinking on thy charming youth,

Shall love it o'er again in age :

So time itself our raptures shall improve,

While still we wake to joy and live to love.

THE NYMPH'S QUESTION.

CANST thou, shepherd, canst thou tell
What it is to love too well ?

'Tis to sigh to pine and moan,

To devour thy griefs alone ;

'Tis to feel thy bosom glow,

With a throbbing pleasing woe ;

'Tis to feel thy aking heart,

Deeply pierc'd by Cupid's dart ;

Yet no means of cure to try,

Pleas'd for whom thou lov'st to die ;

Feel'st thou this ? then may'st thou tell,

What it is to love too well.

'Tis

'Tis to nurse a secret fire,
 Fed by strong, yet chaste desire;
 'Tis to wish, to hope and fear;
 'Tis great Cupid to revere,
 Yet his pow'r to doubt, and sigh,
 Oft' in pangs of jealousy.
 'Tis while present to adore,
 'Tis while absent to deplore;
 'Tis to feel in each degree,
 Shepherd——what I feel for thee;
 Prove but this, and thou may'st tell,
 What it is to love too well.

V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY A

RAPE ON AN IRISH CAPTAIN.

FOR once ye muses chaste as fair,
 Inspire a wanton strain,
 Not oft' such suits I make—and ne'er
 May tempt ye thus again.

O'er her fair daughters can prevail,
 Soft words and winning charms;
 But scarce compell'd,—than Eve less frail,
 Offends a son of arms.

In vain the fair, so hard his heart,
 From north to south had lov'd him,
 And French, and Irish dame her part
 Had play'd, and never mov'd him.

Twice

Twice seven long years had he withstood,
 Though oft assail'd, temptation,
 Nor wine could warm the coldest blood,
 That e'er flow'd from his nation.

But Mars, to gallantry still true,
 Gave out his orders strait,
 And one less fair, but kind as you,
 Venus prevail'd, though late.

Some nerves might callous grow and perish,
 As learned Armstrong's * fear is,
 Did Mars not Venus better cherish,
 Than Bacchus, or than Ceres †.

ON A LADY'S MUFF.

CHECQUER'D with plumes of various dies,
 The gaudy muff attracts our eyes,
 While the soft ruff within supplies
 With warmth her violet skin.

An emblem sure of woman 'tis formed !
 Like her with beauty's pow'r 'tis armed ;
 Our feelings, as with her, are warmed,
 By the rapt'rous ruff within.

* Vid. Oecon. of Love.

† Sine Cere et Baccho fugit Venus.

AN EPISTLE FROM OBEREA, QUEEN OF
OTAHEITE, TO JOSEPH BANKS, Esq.

TRANSLATED BY T. Q. Z. ESQ. PROFESSOR OF
THE OTAHEITE LANGUAGE IN DUBLIN, AND OF
ALL THE LANGUAGES OF THE UNDISCOVERED
ISLANDS IN THE SOUTH SEA; AND ENRICHED
WITH HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES.

[THE Editor of the following Epistle has only to inform the public, that he has translated it with all the fidelity, which the different idioms of the two languages will admit of. He is sensible that it is impossible in English, to convey any idea of the beauties of the Otaheite tongue. It abounds with diphthongs and triphthongs, and every word of it begins with a vowel. Upon this account it is infinitely harmonious, to which if we add the beauty and sublimity of its metaphors, we shall only do it justice, if we pronounce it to be one of the noblest languages which has ever been spoken since the confusion of tongues.

The Editor is in hopes that this little specimen will excite the curious to the study of it; and he takes this opportunity of informing them, that he is going to facilitate their labours by the publication of a compleat Grammar and Dictionary. This work will be printed on the same paper, and with the same letter as Dr. Hawkesworth's celebrated Voyages, and will be ready to be delivered next spring, for the *moderate* price of three guineas. It will be highly useful to

M

such

such gentlemen, as propose to visit the South Seas, and to make the grand tour. If the impression of this work shall not be sold so soon as the author flatters himself it will, he engages to publish it in weekly numbers, at one shilling each.]

Dublin, Sept. 20, 1773.

READ, or oh! say does some more amorous fair
Prevent * *Opano*, and engage his care?
I † *Oberea*, from the Southern main,
Of slighted vows, of injur'd faith complain.
Though now some European maid you woo,
Of ‡ waist more taper, and of whiter hue;
Yet § oft with me you deign'd the night to pass,
Beneath yon bread-tree on the bending grass.
Oft in the rocking boat we fondly lay,
Nor fear'd the drizly wind, or briny spray.

* The people of Otaheite could not pronounce Mr. Banks's name, but called him *Opano*.

Prelegis, an conjux prohibet nova, &c.

† *Pegasis Oenone, Pbrygijs celeberrima silvis.*

‡ It appears that *Oberea* was rather plump and round, and not of the fairest complexion. See *Hawkesworth's Voyages*.

§ *Sæpe greges inter requievimus arbore tecti,
Mistaque cum foliis præbuit herba torum,
Sæpe super, stramen, &c.*

Who

* Who led thee through the woods impervious shade,
 Pierc'd the thick covert, and explor'd the glade;
 Taught thee each plant that sips the morning dew,
 And brought the latent minerals to thy view?
 Still to those glades, those coverts I repair,
 Trace every alley—but thou art not there.
 Nor † herb, nor salutary plant I find,
 To cool the burning fever of my mind. †
 Ah! ‡ I remember on the river's side,
 Whose babbling waters 'twixt the mountains glide,
 A bread-tree stands, on which with sharpen'd stone,
 To thy dear name I deign'd unite my own.
 Grow bread-tree, grow, nor envious hand remove
 The sculptur'd symbols of my constant love.

To the vast § main a rock projecting lies,
 Where tempests howl, and roaring billows rise.

* *Quis tibi monstravit saltus venatibus aptos,
 Et tegeret catulos quâ fera rupe suos?*

† *Me miseram! quod amor non est medicabilis herbis,
 Deficior prudens artis ab arte meâ.*

‡ *Populus est (memini) fluviali consita ripâ,
 Est in quâ nostri littera scripta memor.
 Popule vive precor, &c.*

§ The South Sea.

*Aspicit immensum moles nativa profundum,
 Mons fuit, æquoreis illa resistit aquis.
 Illic vela tuæ cognovi prima carinæ,
 Et mihi per fluctus impetus ire fecit.*

There first at eve thy opening sails I spy'd,
 And eager glow'd to cleave the briny tide.
 My faithful senate sat in wise debate,
 And weigh'd the dubious interests of the state.
 Though some with brandish'd lance for war declare,
 With all the frantic signs of wild despair;
 Yet I more soft to gentle peace inclin'd,
 And sooth'd the terrors of * Tupia's mind.
 Send them, I cry'd, twice twelve delicious dogs,
 And give them cocoas, women, bread, and hogs.
 'Twas morn, the gallant vessel steers to land;
 On the moist beach the marshall'd sailors stand.
 Then first the pangs of conscious love I knew,
 My eyes, my longing soul was fixt on you.
 To gain thy love I practis'd every art,
 And gave my kingdom as I gave my heart.
 Alas! what streams of scalding tears I shed,
 When you surpris'd † Obâdee in my bed;

* Tupia was Prime Minister to Oberea. She consented that he should come to England with Mr. Banks, and thereby gave the strongest proof of her attachment to that gentleman. Unfortunately this great politician and philosopher died on the voyage. *Luētuosum hoc suis; acerbum patriæ; grave bonis omnibus.* CIC.

† On the 29th, not very early in the forenoon, Mr. Banks went to pay his court to Oberea, and was told that she was still asleep under the awning of her boat. Thither he went, and upon looking into her chamber, he found her in bed with a handsome young fellow about twenty-five, whose name was Obadee, *Hawkes. Voyages.*

From

From * my chaf'd temples strait my locks I twitch,
And with the prickly shell *tataow* my breech.

In the soft dance if e'er I chanc'd to move,
How throb'd thy bosom with impatient love!
Now slow I sail'd, and stole my easy way
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay;
Then † in brisk circles glanc'd around, and beat
The measur'd cadence with my quivering feet.
My eyes refulgent beam'd with wanton fire,
And all my limbs were brac'd by fierce desire.
Not Hella's self with all her curious *pas*,
Her *Rigadoons* and motley *Entre-chas*,
With such luxuriant grace displays her thigh,
Or ‡ *Temerédes* with such ease as I.

Oft on thy lips, those lips of love, I hung,
To hear thee greet me in my native tongue;
§ *Meetee atira*, sweetly you exprest,
Your eyes all-eloquent explain'd the rest.

* *Tum vero rupique sinus, et pectora planxi,
Et secui madidas ungue rigente genas.*

† *Tunc te plus solito lascivia nostra juvabat,
Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco.*

‡ The *Temeredee* is the lascivious dance. See *Hawkes. Voyages*.

I had some difficulty to find out who *Oberea* meant by *Hella*, but an ingenious friend and critic suggested to me that it must be *Mademoiselle Heinel*, whose skill and fame we may suppose were highly exaggerated to *Oberea* by *Monf. Bougainville*.

§ *Anglice*, come here to kiss me—See the *Vocabulary of the Otaheite language*, which may serve till my *Dictionary* is published.

Say fondest youth, canst thou forget the night,
 When starting from your sleep in wild affright
 Rise *Oberea*, rise my Queen, you said,
 Some * thief has stol'n my breeches from my head.
 Sorrowing † I went beside the billowy main,
 Search'd the long-winding coast, but search'd in vain.
 My choicest garment strait I shar'd with you,
 And fondly cloath'd you with my own ‡ *Perou*.

Nor strove not other suitors to impart,
 A mutual passion to my royal heart;
 My neck, my jetty eye-brows charm'd § *Teetee*,
 And *Otapairoo* pink'd his bum for me.
 Their tears, their warmest vows could ne'er prevail,
 Not gift of chequer'd beads, nor proffer'd nail.
 To these fond hands, when first we went to view,
 The magic wonders of thy vast canoe;

* Upon their visit to Tootahah, Mr. Banks thought himself fortunate in being placed by *Oberea* in her canoe. She insisted upon taking his cloaths into her custody. Awaking about eleven he found they were stolen, upon which he awakened *Oberea*, who starting up and hearing his complaint, ordered lights, and prepared in great haste to recover what he had lost. In the morning *Oberea* brought him some of her country cloaths.

† Βῆδ' ἀχέων παρα θίνα πολυφλοσβοιο θαλάσσης.

‡ *Perou* signifies a petticoat in the Otaheite tongue.

Eque tuis demptos humeris mibi tradis amictus.

§ ————— *despectus Iarbas*

Ductoresque alii —————

A curious * image did *Opano* give,
 Whose eye-balls glisten'd, and which seem'd to live.
 With this I talk beneath the plaintain shade,
 As tho' it heard and answer'd what I said;
 In amorous dalliance place it on my knee,
 And lavish all the raptures due to thee.

Oft to my eyes the well-known scenes appear,
 Which image all that past when thou wast near.
 Here † *Teropoa*, wretched widow stood,
 And ting'd the ocean with her livid blood.
 Thrice with the shark's sharp tooth she pierc'd her
 head,
 Exclaim'd, ‡ *Tehai*, and in triumph bled.

There

* I received her (*Oberea*) with such marks of distinction, as I thought would gratify her most, and was not sparing of my presents, among which this *August Personage* seemed particularly delighted with a child's doll. *Vol. II. p. 106.*

Illi blanditias, illi tibi debita verba,

Dicimus, amplexus accipit illa meos.

Hanc specto teneoque sinu pro conjuge vero,

Et tanquam possit verba referre, queror.

Crede mihi plus est, quam quod videatur, Imago,

Adde sonum ceræ, Protefilaus crit.

† *Tibora*, *Tumaida's* wife.

‡ An exclamation of grief which signifies, *where is he!* Early in the morning on the 28th, a great number of women came down to the fort, and *Teropoa* being observed among them on the outside of the gate, Mr. Banks went out and brought her in. He saw that the tears stood in her eyes, and as soon as she entered they began to flow in great abundance. He enquired earnestly the cause, but instead of answering, she took from under her garment a shark's tooth, and struck it six or seven times into her head with great force. *Vol. II. p. 104.*

There to yon plaitain § *Oorattoa* came,
 And paid just honours to *Opano's* name.
 'Three scarlet robes her tall attendants bore,
 And gently spread them on the winding shore;
 Graceful she mov'd, and with majestic ease,
 Pull'd up her petticoats above her knees;
 Then thrice turn'd round with measur'd steps and flow,
 Proud the curv'd * arches of her bum to shew.
 Here ‡ *Tirahau-dica* dar'd to prove,
 The impetuous transports of *Toopuah's* love.
 Scarce twelve short years the wanton maid had seen,
 The youth was six foot high, or more I ween.

Experienc'd

§ Friday 12th of May was distinguished by a visit from some ladies. Having laid some pieces of cloth on the ground, the foremost of the women, who appeared to be the principal, and who was called *Oorattoa*, stepped upon them, and taking up her garments all round her to the waist, turned about three times with great composure and deliberation. When this was done she dropped the veil, and stepping off the cloth, three pieces more were laid; and she repeated the ceremony. The three last were laid, and the ceremony was repeated the same manner the third time. *Vol. II. p. 125.*

* The part on which these ornaments are lavished is the breech; this in both sexes is covered with a deep black, above which arches are drawn one over another. These arches are their pride, and are shewn with great ostentation. *Hawkes. Voyages.*

‡ A young man, near six feet high performed the rites of Venus

with

Experienc'd matrons the young pair survey'd,
 And urg'd to feats of love the self-taught maid;
 With skill superior she perform'd her part,
 And potent nature scorn'd the tricks of art.
 Curst be the envious gales that wafted o'er
 Those floating wigwams to our peaceful shore:
 With specious gifts a crew insidious came,
 And left us * *bitter pledges* of their flame.
 'Till then was nature free and love sincere,
 Nor generous passion quench'd by slavish fear.
 No pining maiden knew the venom'd kiss,
 But all was genuine extacy and bliss.

with a little girl about eleven or twelve, before several of our people, and a great number of the natives. Among the natives were several women of superior rank, particularly Oberea, who may properly be said to have assisted at the ceremony. For they gave instructions to the girl how to perform her part, which, young as she was, she did not seem much to stand in need of. *Vol. II. p. 12.*

*Blanda truces animos fertur mollisse voluptas,
 Constiterant uno fœmina, virque loco.
 Quid facerent ipsi nullo didicere magistro,
 Arte Venus nullâ dulce peregit opus.*

The translator intended to have suppressed all passages of this nature, which might offend the chaste ear of a British reader. But as Doctor Hawkesworth's very luscious descriptions have been considered rather as sallies of his prurient imagination, than the transactions of real life, he thought it a piece of justice due to that *great man* to authenticate his narrative.

* I suppose this alludes to the introduction of the venereal disease among them by Mons. Bougainville, which they emphatically call *the Rottenness*. See *Hawkesworth's Voyages*.

Oft have I wish'd, for fuch you love, that I
 Were metamorphos'd to fome curious fly ;
 Beyond the main I'd fpeed my eager way,
 Aud buz around you all the live-long day,
 Nor would I not be fome umbrageous tree,
 That fhades thy grot, * and vegetate for thee ;
 At thy approach I'd all my flowers expand,
 And weave my wanton foliage round thy hand,
 † Think not I covet what you riches call,
 Your houfes, land, eftates—I fcorn them all.
 I ‡ crave no jointure of five hundred fkins,
 Nor twice as many pounds to buy my pins ;
 Nor yet fhall I the tardy fates reproach,
 Pant for the lozenge on my lacker'd coach ;
 Or wafte the produce of your doating will,
 At fordid Loo, or Dowager Quadrille.
 With you, thrice dear *Opiano*, oft I lay,
 Within the wigwam 'till the dawn of day ;
 Then from my pack, with anxious care for you,
 Chofe the beft dog, and flew'd the nice ragout.

* ————— ας διε γενοιμαν

Α βομ βευσα μελισσα καὶ ες τεον ανηρον κοιμαν. THEOC.

† *Non ego miror opes, nec me tua regia tangit.*

‡ It is furprifing that Oberea fhould be fo well acquainted with the manners of Great Britain; but as ſhe appears to have had ſuch fine parts, we may eafily imagine that ſhe did not fail to profit by her frequent converſations with Mr. Banks.

Ah!

Ah! how I strove thy curious taste to hit,
 From the bak'd viands carv'd the brownest bit;
 To grace thy table spread my finest smocks,
 And pour'd the fragrant * *Monoe* o'er thy locks.
 For thee each morn I cull'd the bread-tree's fruit,
 And † with my nostrils blew the dulcet flute.
 Thrice happy youth! what bliss with thine could vie,
 To feed on dog's flesh, and with Queens to lie!

‡ Parting you wept, this truth at least you'll own,
 Nor think that weakness which was love alone.
 Steadfast I gaz'd, till from my aching view,
 Your lessening canvass gradually withdrew.
 Then to my tent I ran in wild despair,
 And e'en in dreams renew'd my anxious care.
 Whene'er I strove my slumbering eyes to close,
 Terrific phantoms, dread illusions rose.
 Now o'er the waters I appear'd to float,
 And fondly clasp you in the § crazy boat.

* The people of Otaheite have a custom of anointing their heads with what they call *Monoe*, which is an oil expressed from the coconut.

† It appears that music is cultivated in Otaheite to no small degree of perfection. Indeed this method of blowing the flute with the nostrils is admirably calculated for the chromatic. We have heard with great pleasure, that the ingenious Dr. Burney intends to take a voyage to the South Sea to inform himself, and afterwards to give some account to the public, of the state of music in those parts.

‡ *Fleſti diſcendens, hoc ſaltem parce negare* —————

§ ————— *gemit ſub pondere cymba*

Suti—lis —————

* Culling choice simples, now I seem'd to go,
O'er barren wastes, a wilderness of woe;
Where'er I turn'd the dread † *Morais* appear'd,
And the wild shrieks of frantic grief were heard.
At length you beckon, and I leave the shore,
Then tempests 'gan to rage, and winds to roar;
The billowy surges seem'd to lash the skies,
And *Otaheite* vanish'd from my eyes.

Perhaps ‡ *Opano* (be the omen vain)
If ere thy ships shall reach these shores again,
You'll seek the wigwam where we fondly lay,
And in its place will find my sad *Morai*!
Yet think at least my copious § tears you see,
And spare one thought from Botany for me.

* ————— *semper longum incomitata videtur*
Ire viam —————

† The sepulchres of the people of *Otaheite* are called *Morais*.
Hawkes. Voyages.

‡ *Tempo verrà anchor forse*
Cb' al' usato soggiorno
Torni la fera, bella e mansueta;
E là, ov' ella mi scorse
Nel benedetto giorno,
Volga la vista desiosa e lieta
Cercandomi : e o pietá
Gia terra infra, le pietre
Videndo amor l'inspiri
In guisa che sospiri
Si dolcemente —————

PETRARCA.

§ The people of *Otaheite* are remarkable for their *fine feelings*, which generally produce a copious effusion of tears upon every affecting occasion. See *Dr. Hawkesworth passim*.

And

And when with curious search thine eyes explore,
The waving forest, or the marshy shore ;
When in strong gin thy skilful hands shall steep,
Some unclasp'd fowl or monster of the deep ;
I think on the raptures which we once have known,
And waft one sigh to *Otaheite's* throne.

THE ORANGE-GIRL AT FOOTE'S
TO SALLY HARRIS:
OR, THE TOWN TO THE COUNTRY POMONA.
AN HEROIC EPISTLE.

To the LADIES of this VIRTUOUS AGE.

*Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura Virgo—et fingitur Artibus:
Jam nunc & incestos amores
De tenero meditatur Ungui*

To the MODERN FINE GENTLEMEN.

*Non his juventus orta parentibus.
Infecit æquor, sanguine Gallico.*

WELCOME, fair nymph, from HOCK'RILL'S
gloomy plains,
To this gay town, where wanton VENUS reigns ;
VENUS, who smiles, rejoic'd in thee to gain,
An acquisition to her blooming train.

See

See unfeign'd sorrow, rage, and deep despair,
Seize on all NELSON's nymphs, and MITCHELL's
Fair ;

For much they fear that thy fresh, rural charms,
Shou'd lure the wand'ring rakes from their weak arms.
See POWELL weeps, e'en in her new-built coach,
And trembles for her Lord,* at thy approach.

While STEPHENSON plays o'er each winning art,
To guard the feeble GR——R's fickle heart.

The proud DU TAY thy charms with envy sees,
Fearful lest they young EGR——T should please.

With grief she sees, as nearer you advance,
A bloom superior to the rouge of FRANCE.

Thy native roses make her false ones pale,
With nature, art compar'd will ever fail.

Welcome, dear Sister, welcome. I alone,
Of all the girls in this gay, vicious town,
Thy youth, thy bloom, thy charms unmov'd can see,
Untouch'd by envy, free from jealousy.

Cheerful and young, and void like you of art,
I trust to nature's charms to gain the heart ;
'Tis health's pure bloom that o'er my cheeks is spread,
I use no artificial white and red ;

Each wash, each daub, to ARCHER I resign,
Let her of beauty a fair picture shine ;
None paint so well, 'tis by the Town confess'd,

* Lord SEAF—TH.

Except her little lovely sister---West ;
 Leave them to blaze with G-----r from afar,
 Like varnish'd dolls, hung out at Temple-Bar.

Like you, tho' gay my heart, tho' warm my blood,
 The tempting pow'r of love I long withstood ;
 Not ev'n K---ld---re my virgin breast could move ;
 Fat Ch---wt---n sweats in vain to gain my love ;
 To flatter me, the ever gallant Hare
 Leaves his lov'd Clarke a prey to black despair.
 For me young Charles * the dice-box oft foregoes,
 And cards forgot, for once with love he glows.
 Egmont forsakes his hounds and favourite horse,
 And, wond'rous ! quits for me th' unfinished course.
 These and a thousand more long strove in vain,
 With vows and bribes, my favour to obtain ;
 My generous heart refus'd the proffer'd bribe,
 And scorn'd the Macaroni filken tribe.

But love, enrag'd that I should brave his pow'r,
 Once, in a soft, unguarded fatal hour,
 Produc'd a manly youth, blest with each charm,
 To blind our virtue, or our pride disarm ;
 Yet he was poor, unpension'd, and un plac'd,
 Lord of no lands, and with no titles grac'd :
 He ne'er had plunder'd India's hapless shore,
 For millions sunk in seas of native gore :
 To fortune and to fame he liv'd unknown,
 New to the world, a stranger to the town.
 With freshest health, and strongest vigour blest,
 His amorous hand first press'd my panting breast.
 'Till I, at length o'ercome.

* Fox.

N

Far

Far other was thy fate, unhappy maid !
 Whim and caprice thy erring heart betray'd :
 In L—— what didst thou hope to find ?
 His body worn with lust, with vice his mind.

O, scarce a perfect maid, yet scarce a w—— *
 By me instructed, be deceiv'd no more,
 My muse experienc'd shall direct thy ways,
 Thro' this enchanted town's perplexed maze ;
 Teach thee (too well it knows) to shun each snare.
 Laid for the young, the innocent, and fair.

Let not a Hayes, or Collins, with curst art,
 Tempt thee with health and liberty to part.
 The hapless negro, from his native land,
 Borne to Jamaica's much more savage strand,
 To some stern Brute, on that accursed coast,
 Some human Brute, to ev'ry feeling lost.
 Sold as a slave—and doom'd to toil away,
 In ceaseless labour, the long scorching day ;
 To smart beneath the whip, to drag the chain,
 To linger through a life of tears and pain ;
 Wretch as he seems—light are his woes, compar'd
 With the poor girl's, by some old bawd ensnar'd :
 Her blooming charms, her youthful hours are doom'd,
 To be by anguish and disease consum'd ;
 She's doom'd to be of lust the abject slave,
 To end her sorrows in an early grave.
 Far happier lot, from such curst bondage free,
 Poor to remain, but blest with liberty.

* Pope's Sappho to Phaon.

“ O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy—”

Trust not alone to beauty's fading flower,
 Or youth's fresh bloom, thy fortune to secure.
 Blest with love's sweetest smile, with sparkling eyes,
 With breasts of snow, that softly fall and rise,
 With youth, good-nature, and an angel's face,
 And with a shape that would a Venus grace,
 Ill-fated Kitty wanders through the Town,
 Her charms neglected, and her worth unknown:
 She wants that winning art, that certain grace,
 Which conquers surer than the fairest face.
 How few, like Polly * find a faultless youth?
 How few can equal her in love and truth?
 See on her breast her chosen Eden lies,
 " And drinks delicious poison from her eyes. †"
 Thy park, O Greenwich, and each conscious grove,
 Is oft the witness of their mutual love.
 Can that soft flame still dwell in Parsons' breast,
 Which palsy'd age, with his cold hand has press'd;
 'Tis not her charms, 'tis her ingenuous mind,
 That did a Grafton---doth a D—— blind.
 How few, like Harriet ‡, rise to wealth or fame?
 What crouds are sunk in poverty and shame!
 See Muire and Kennedy declining fast,
 And Thompson scarce two winters more will last.
 Fled are those charms which late subdu'd each heart,
 Love and Champignon are compell'd to part,
 Where are Duburgh, Coxe, Hayward, Spencer,
 Stone?
 Their hour is past, and they are now unknown.

* Polly Jones. † Harriet Powell.

‡ Pope's Abelard and Eloisa.

Each winter sees some favourite beauty rise,
 She blooms all spring, and in the summer dies;
 The nymphs bound 'prentice to the wanton trade
 Are, like the daintiest flowers that soonest fade,
 Fair to the eye, and to the senses sweet,
 Men pluck, grow tir'd, and cast them at their feet,

Be this your plan, to this alone attend;
 Seek not admirers, gain one real friend.
 In public places let your charms be shewn,
 The loveliest face is nothing, if unknown.
 Come then, dear nymph, with me here take thy
 stand, *

The basket dangling from thy snowy hand;
 Together thro' the boxes will we go,
 Whisper each rake, and ogle every beau.
 Thy wanton eye, thy every graceful charm,
 E'en vigour-wanting B——— shall warm.
 To thee, on tiptoe soft, see March advance,
 Deck'd out in all the frippery of France:
 See atheist Twitcher comes, that old lewd goat,
 Whose harden'd features every vice denote;
 Let not his tempting tongue thy passions move,
 He'll pick your pocket while he's making love. †
 Pale as the pamper'd hope of some fond mother.
 See T—— S——— Tony's own dear brother;
 A pair so justly match'd, 'tis hard to tell,
 Which doth the other by one vice excel.

* At Foote's Theatre.

† Vid. An heroic epistle to Sir William Chambers.

But chiefly mark that youth, who skulks behind,
 Sullen he seems, dejected much of mind,—
 'Tis L——, —who betray'd his country's cause,
 Laugh'd at her rights, and broke her noblest laws.
 Shun him---ye young, ye unsuspecting fair,
 For he is skill'd to ruin and ensnare:
 There's scarce a day, but by his art beguil'd,
 Some frantic mother weeps her wretched child,
 One girl there was *,—Oh, 'tis a tale of woe,
 Would make the tears from sternest tyrants flow;
 Nor have I time, at present, to relate
 The lost, forsaken Kitty's hapless fate.

Detest this worthless tribe, this vicious race,
 With their unhallow'd touch, pollute not thy em-
 brace;
 Deaf to their words, and to their bribes prov^e
 blind,
 We many L——— for one Eden find.

* Vide the following.

T H E A N S W E R.

TO THE RIGHT HON. MR. ———.

—**I**F yet enslaved by vice, there rest
 One spark of love, or honour in your breast,
 If not quite lost, to every generous sense,
 You still, can feel for injur'd innocence.

Think

Think of that hapless fair—whose youthful charms,
 So lately blest your closely-circling arms.—
 The foremost once, in pleasure's gilded scene,
 The fairest votary of the Cyprian queen.
 Now, to all hope, to every comfort lost,
 By the rude waves of stern affliction tost.
 Doom'd to endure the cruel pangs of need,
 Cast from thy bosom, like a noxious weed.
 Doom'd, as despair points out the gloomy way,
 Along the paths of infamy to stray.

Much injur'd girl, to better prospects born,
 Tho' now abandon'd, left to weep, and mourn;
 Fortune smil'd flattering, on her natal hour,
 Blest her with sense, and beauty's choicest flower;
 Nor were her parents of ignoble race,
 In her, a generous line first knew disgrace.
 Her father * sleeps, with those illustrious dead,
 Who fought for Albion, and for Albion bled:
 Happy in death---he never liv'd to see,
 His much lov'd child, his Kitty's infamy.—
 And can you ———— peace, or pleasure know,
 While lost she wanders, sunk in guilt and woe;
 Recall the hours---when to her blooming face,
 The smile of innocence lent every grace.
 When in her love-form'd pure and spotless breast,
 Content and happiness had plac'd their rest,
 And dwelt---till you to your eternal shame,
 An envious fiend, a subtle tempter came;
 Triumphant, forc'd those virtues to retreat,
 And much reluctant quit their fav'rite seat.

* Was a captain in the army.

Reflect, one moment, with what treacherous art,
 You won to love, her unsuspecting heart;
 Her All she gave, her peace and virgin fame,
 And fondly chang'd them, for remorse and shame.
 When torn from a fond mother's last embrace,
 You gave her to a lost and hapless race:
 With them to prostitute her blooming charms,
 Joyless in every comer's loathsome arms.
 Say, for that end, was form'd thy Kitty's face,
 Her noble air, her more than female grace:
 Those eyes, that with such fire and meaning glow,
 Those cheeks of roses, and those breasts of snow;
 Those lovely locks, in wanton ringlets spread,
 Those ivory teeth, those lips of coral red;
 Those coral lips, from whence proceeds a voice,
 So sweetly soft, wou'd make despair rejoice.
 No—she was surely form'd thus fair, to prove
 The perfect joys of pure and mutual love;
 To bless in Hymen's bands, some happy youth,
 With beauty, virtue, constancy, and truth.

Such was her lot,—and still in one smooth stream
 Her hours had flow'd, her life a pleasant dream:
 Had you ne'er come, to tempt her far astray,
 From where, meek virtue pointed out her way;
 Chang'd this fair scene, and blasted all her joys,
 As the rude north, the blooming spring destroys:
 Full well you knew, to what her youth you doom'd,
 To be in anguish and in tears consum'd;
 To be of brutal lust, the hapless slave,
 To end her sorrows in an early grave:
 What arts, what time, what schemes you used, to blind
 The dawning virtues of a generous mind;

With

With what false oaths, her virgin fear suppress,
 With what false hopes, inspir'd her youthful breast.
 So when to death the chosen victim's led,
 The fatal path's with fairest flow'rs are spread.
 Unfeeling youth,—'ere yet it be too late,
 Think on thy once-lov'd Kitty's wretched fate:
 See, to assist my words,—the fair appears,
 Her faded cheeks worn with incessant tears;
 On you her grief-worn eyes imploring throws,
 On you, the guilty author of her woes.
 And pleads not conscience, hourly in thy breast,
 For thy lost Kitty, injur'd and oppress?
 O hear us then, while yet you've power to save
 The lovely mourner sinking to the grave:
 Yet, yet she loves, ungrateful, tho' you prove
 Cruel and false, and ever must she love:
 'Midst all her griefs, for you the much wrong'd fair
 Solicits heav'n, with never-ceasing pray'r.—
 Soothe then her soul, and silence all her fears,
 And wipe from her full eyes, the streaming tears;
 Of sorrow's cup, no longer let her taste,
 Nor in the shade of grief, her beauties waste.

FROM THE SPANISH. BY MR. GARRICK.

FOR me my fair a wreath has wove,
 Where rival flowers in union meet;
 As oft she kiss'd the gift of love,
 Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.

A bee within a damask rose
 Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip;
 But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,---
 And fixes on Louisa's lip.
 There, tasting all the bloom of spring,
 Wak'd by the ripening breath of May,
 Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
 And with the honey flew away.

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